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THE WORKS OF Mr. JOHN GAY.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

CONTAINING

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY JAMES POTTS, AT SWIFT'S-HEAD, IN DAME-STREET.

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THE

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EPISTLES

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

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EPISTLE I.

TO A LADY.

Occaſioned by the Arrival of HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.

MADAM, to all your cenſures I ſubmit,
And frankly own I ſhould long ſince have writ:
You told me, ſilence would be thought a crime,
And kindly ſtrove to teaze me into rhyme:
No more let trifling themes your Muſe employ,
Nor laviſh verſe to paint a female toy:
No more on plains with rural damſels ſport,
But ſing the glories of the *Britiſh* court.

By your commands and inclination ſway'd,
I call'd th' unwilling Muſes to my aid;
Reſolv'd to write, the noble theme I choſe,
And to the Princeſs thus the Poem roſe.

Aid me, bright Phœbus; *aid, ye ſacred Nine;*
Exalt my Genius, and my verſe refine.
My ſtrains with Carolina'*s name I grace,*
The lovely parent of our royal race.
Breathe ſoft, ye winds, ye waves in ſilence ſleep;
Let proſp'rous breezes wanton o'er the deep,
Swell the white ſails, and with the ſtreamers play,
To waft her gently o'er the wat'ry way.

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Here I to *Neptune* form'd a pompous pray'r,
To rein the winds, and guard the royal Fair;
Bid the blue *Tritons* sound their twisted shells,
And call the *Nereids* from their pearly cells.

Thus my warm zeal had drawn the Muse along,
Yet knew no method to conduct her song:
I then resolv'd some model to pursue,
Perus'd *French* Criticks, and began anew.
Long open panegyrick drags at best,
And praise is only praise when well address'd.

Straight *Horace* for some lucky ode I sought:
And all along I trac'd him thought by thought:
This new performance to a friend I show'd;
For shame, says he, what, imitate an Ode!
I'd rather ballads write, and *Grub-street* lays,
Than pillage *Cæsar* for my patron's praise:
One common fate all imitators share,
To save mince-pies, and cap the grocer's ware.
Vex'd at the charge, I to the flames commit
Rhymes, similies, Lords names, and ends of wit;
In blotted stanzas scraps of Odes expire,
And fustian mounts in Pyramids of fire.

Ladies, to you I next inscrib'd my lay,
And writ a letter in familiar way:
For still impatient till the Princess came,
You from description wish'd to know the dame.
Each day my pleasing labour larger grew,
For still new graces open'd to my view.
Twelve lines ran on to introduce the theme,
And then I thus pursu'd the growing scheme.

Beauty and wit were sure by nature join'd,
And charms are emanations to the mind;
The soul transpiercing through the shining frame,
Forms all the graces of the Princely Dame!

Bene-

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Benevolence her converſation guides,
Smiles on her cheek, and in her eye reſides.
Such harmony upon her tongue is found,
As ſoftens Engliſh *to* Italian *ſound:*
Yet in thoſe ſounds ſuch ſentiments appear,
As charm the Judgment, while they ſooth the ear.

Religion's chearful flame her boſom warms,
Calms all her hours, and brightens all her charms.
Henceforth, ye Fair, at chapel mind your pray'rs,
Nor catch your lover's eyes with artful airs;
Reſtrain your looks, kneel more, and whiſper leſs,
Nor moſt devoutly criticiſe on dreſs.

From her form all your characters of life,
The tender mother, and the faithful wife.
Oft have I ſeen her little infant train,
The lovely promiſe of a future reign;
Obſerv'd with pleaſure every dawning grace,
And all the mother opening in their face;
The ſon ſhall add new honours to the line,
And early with paternal virtues ſhine;
When he the tale of Audenard repeats,
His little heart with emulation beats;
With conqueſts yet to come his boſom glows,
He dreams of triumphs and of vanquiſh'd foes.
Each year with arts ſhall ſtore his ripening brain,
And from his Grandſire he ſhall learn to reign.

Thus far I'd gone: Propitious riſing gales
Now bid the ſailor hoiſt the ſwelling ſails:
Fair *Carolina* lands; the cannons roar,
White *Albion*'s cliffs reſound from ſhore to ſhore.
Behold the bright original appear,
All praiſe is faint when *Carolina*'s near.
Thus to the nation's joy, but Poet's coſt,
The Princeſs came, and my new plan was loſt.

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Since all my ſchemes were baulk'd, my laſt reſort,
I left the Muſes to frequent the Court;
Penſive each night, from room to room I walk'd,
To one I bow'd, and with another talk'd;
Enquir'd what news, or ſuch a Lady's name,
And did the next day, and the next, the ſame.
Places, I found, were daily given away,
And yet no friendly Gazette mention'd *Gay*.
I aſk'd a friend what method to purſue;
He cry'd, I want a place as well as you.
Another aſk'd me, why I had not writ;
A Poet owes his fortune to his wit.
Straight I reply'd, With what a courtly grace,
Flows eaſy verſe from him that has a place!
Had *Virgil* ne'er at court improv'd his ſtrains,
He ſtill had ſung of flocks and homely ſwains;
And had not *Horace* ſweet preferment found,
The *Roman* lyre had never learnt to ſound.

Once Ladies fair in homely guiſe I ſung,
And with their names wild woods and mountains rung.
Oh teach me now to ſtrike a ſofter ſtrain!
The Court refines the language of the plain.

You muſt, cries one, the Miniſtry rehearſe,
And with each Patriot's name prolong your verſe.
But ſure this truth to Poets ſhould be known,
That praiſing all alike, is praiſing none.

Another told me, if I wiſh'd ſucceſs,
To ſome diſtinguiſh'd Lord I muſt addreſs;
One whoſe high virtues ſpeak his noble blood,
One always zealous for his country's good;
Where valour and ſtrong eloquence unite,
In council cautious, reſolute in fight;
Whoſe gen'rous temper prompts him to defend,
And patronize the man that wants a friend.

You

You have, 'tis true, the noble Patron ſhown,
But I, alas! am to *Argyle* unknown.
Still every one I met in this agreed,
That writing was my method to ſucceed;
But now preferments ſo poſſeſs'd my brain,
That ſcarce I could produce a ſingle ſtrain:
Indeed I ſometimes hammer'd out a line,
Without connection as without deſign.
One morn upon the Princeſs this I writ,
An Epigram that boaſts more truth than wit:

The pomp of titles eaſy faith might ſhake,
She ſcorn'd an empire for religion's ſake:
For this, on earth the Britiſh *crown is giv'n,*
And an immortal crown decreed in heav'n.

Again, while *GEORGE*'s virtues rais'd my thought,
The following lines prophetick fancy wrought.

Methinks I ſee ſome Bard, whoſe heavenly rage
Shall riſe in ſong, and warm a future age;
Look back through time, and, rapt in wonder, trace
The glorious ſeries of the Brunſwick *race.*
From the firſt George *the godlike kings deſcend,*
A line which only with the world ſhall end.
The next a gen'rous Prince renown'd in arms,
And bleſs'd, long bleſs'd in Carolina's *charms;*
From theſe the reſt. 'Tis thus ſecure in peace,
We plow the fields, and reap the year's increaſe:
Now Commerce, *wealthy Goddeſs, rears her head,*
And bids Britannia's *fleets their canvas ſpread;*
Unnumber'd ſhips the peopled ocean hide,
And wealth returns with each revolving tide.

Here paus'd the ſullen Muſe, in haſte I dreſs'd,
And through the crowd of needy courtiers preſs'd;
Though unſucceſsful, happy whilſt I ſee,
Thoſe eyes that glad a nation, ſhine on me.

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EPISTLE II.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

EARL OF BURLINGTON.

A Journey to EXETER.

WHILE you, my Lord, bid ſtately piles aſcend,
Or in your *Chiſwick* bow'rs enjoy your friend;
Where *Pope* unloads the boughs within his reach,
The purple vine, blue plumb, and bluſhing peach;
I journey far——You knew fat Bards might tire,
And, mounted, ſent me forth your truſty Squire.

'Twas on the day when city dames repair
To take their weekly doſe of *Hide-Park* air;
When forth we trot: no carts the road infeſt,
For ſtill on *Sundays* country horſes reſt.
Thy gardens, *Kenſington*, we leave unſeen;
Through *Hammerſmith* jog on to *Turnham-green*:
That *Turnham-green* which dainty pigeons fed,
But feeds no more: for * *Solomon* is dead.
Three duſty miles reach *Brentford*'s tedious town,
For dirty ſtreets, and white-legg'd chickens known:

* A man lately famous for feeding pigeons at Turnham-green.

Thence

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Thence o'er wide ſhrubby heaths, and furrow'd lanes,
We come, where *Thames* divides the meads of *Staines*.
We ferry'd o'er; for late the winter's flood
Shook her frail bridge, and tore her piles of wood.
Prepar'd for war, now *Bagſhot-Heath* we croſs,
Where broken gameſters oft repair their loſs.
At *Hartley-row* the foaming bit we preſt,
While the fat landlord welcom'd ev'ry gueſt.
Supper was ended, healths the glaſſes crown'd,
Our hoſt extoll'd his wine at ev'ry round,
Relates the Juſtices late meeting there,
How many bottles drank, and what their cheer;
What Lords had been his gueſts in days of yore,
And prais'd their wiſdom much, their drinking more.

Let travellers the morning vigils keep:
The morning roſe, but we lay faſt aſleep.
Twelve tedious miles we bore the ſultry ſun,
And *Popham-Lane* was ſcarce in ſight by one:
The ſtraggling village harbour'd thieves of old,
'Twas here the ſtage-coach'd laſs reſign'd her gold;
That gold which had in *London* purchas'd gowns,
And ſent her home a *Belle* to country towns.
But robbers haunt no more the neighbouring wood:
Here unown'd infants find their daily food;
For ſhould the maiden mother nurſe her ſon,
'Twould ſpoil her match when her good name is gone.
Our jolly hoſteſs nineteen children bore,
Nor fail'd her breaſt to ſuckle nineteen more.
Be juſt, ye Prudes, wipe off the long arrear;
Be virgins ſtill in town, but mothers here.

Sutton we paſs, and leave her ſpacious down,
And with the ſetting ſun reach *Stockbridge* town.
O'er our parch'd tongue the rich metheglin glides,
And the red dainty trout our knife divides.

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Sad melancholy ev'ry visage wears;
What, no election come in seven long years!
* Of all our race of Mayors, shall *Snow* alone
Be by Sir *Richard*'s dedication known?
Our streets no more with tides of ale shall float,
Nor coblers feast three years upon one vote.

Next morn, twelve miles led o'er th' unbounded plain,
Where the cloak'd shepherd guides his fleecy train;
No leafy bow'rs a noon-day shelter lend,
Nor from the chilly dews at night defend:
With wondrous art, he counts the straggling flock,
And by the sun informs you what's a clock.
How are our shepherds fall'n from antient days!
No *Amaryllis* chaunts alternate lays;
From her no list'ning echoes learn to sing,
Nor with his reed the jocund valleys ring.

Here sheep the pasture hide, there harvests bend,
See *Sarum*'s steeple o'er yon hill ascend;
Our horses faintly trot beneath the heat,
And our keen stomachs know the hour to eat.
Who can forsake thy walls, and not admire
The proud cathedral, and the lofty spire?
What sempstress has not prov'd thy scissars good?
From hence first came th' intriguing riding-hood.
Amid † three boarding-schools well stock'd with misses,
Shall three knight-errants starve for want of kisses?

O'er the green turf the miles slide swift away,
And *Blandford* ends the labours of the day.

* Sir Richard Steele, Member for Stockbridge, wrote a treatise called The Importance of Dunkirk considered, and dedicated it to Mr. John Snow, Bailiff of Stockbridge.

† There are three boarding-schools in this town.

The

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The morning rose; the supper reck'ning paid,
And our due fees discharg'd to man and maid,
The ready ostler near the stirrup stands,
And as we mount, our half-pence load his hands.

Now the steep hill fair *Dorchester* o'erlooks,
Border'd by meads, and wash'd by silver brooks.
Here sleep my two companions eyes suppreſt,
And propt in elbow chairs they snoring rest:
I weary sit, and with my pencil trace
Their painful postures, and their eyeless face;
Then dedicate each glass to some fair name,
And on the sash the diamond scrawls my flame.
Now o'er true *Roman* way our horses sound,
Grævius would kneel, and kiss the sacred ground.
On either side low fertile vallies lie,
The distant prospects tire the travelling eye.
Through *Bridport*'s stony lanes our rout we take,
And the proud steep descend to *Morcombe*'s lake.
As horses pass'd, our landlord robb'd the pall,
And with the mournful scutcheon hung his hall.
On unadulterate wine we here regale,
And strip the lobster of his scarlet mail.

We climb'd the hills, when starry night arose,
And *Axminster* affords a kind repose.
The maid subdu'd by fees, her trunk unlocks,
And gives the cleanly aid of dowlas smocks.
Mean time our shirts her busy fingers rub,
While the soap lathers o'er the foaming tub.
If women's geer such pleasing dreams incite,
Lend us your smocks, ye damsels, ev'ry night!
We rise; our beards demand the barber's art;
A female enters, and performs the part.

The

The weighty golden chain adorns her neck,
And three gold rings her skilful hand bedeck:
Smooth o'er our chin her easy fingers move,
Soft as when *Venus* stroak'd the beard of *Jove*.

Now from the steep, midst scatter'd farms and groves,
Our eye through *Honiton*'s fair valley roves.
Behind us soon the busy town we leave,
Where finest lace industrious lasses weave,
Now swelling clouds roll'd on; the rainy load
Stream'd down our hats, and smoak'd along the road;
When (O blest sight!) a friendly sign we spy'd,
Our spurs are slacken'd from the horses side;
For sure a civil host the house commands,
Upon whose sign this courteous motto stands,
This is the antient hand, and eke the pen;
Here is for horses hay, and meat for men.
How rhyme would flourish, did each son of fame
Know his own genius, and direct his flame!
Then he, that could not Epic flights rehearse,
Might sweetly mourn in Elegiac verse.
But were his Muse for Elegy unfit,
Perhaps a Distich might not strain his wit;
If Epigram offend, his harmless lines
Might in gold letters swing on ale-house signs.
Then *Hobbinol* might propagate his bays,
And *Tuttle-fields* record his simple lays;
Where rhymes like these might lure the nurses eyes,
While gaping infants squall for farthing pies.
Treat here, ye shepherds blithe, your damsels sweet,
For pies and cheesecakes are son damsels meet.
Then *Maurus* in his proper sphere might shine,
And these proud numbers grace great *William*'s sign.

This

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* *This is the man, this the* Nassovian, *whom*
I nam'd the brave deliverer to come.
But now the driving gales suspend the rain,
We mount our steeds, and *Devon*'s city gain.
Hail happy native land!——but I forbear,
What other Counties must with envy hear.

* Blackmore's Prince Arthur, Book V.

EPISTLE

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EPISTLE III.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

PULT'NEY, methinks you blame my breach of word;
What, cannot *Paris* one poor page afford?
Yes, I can ſagely, when the times are paſt,
Laugh at thoſe follies which I ſtrove to taſte,
And each amuſement, which we ſhar'd, review,
Pleas'd with mere talking, ſince I talk to you.
But how ſhall I deſcribe in humble proſe,
Their Balls, Aſſemblies, Operas, and Beaus?
In proſe! you cry: Oh no, the Muſe muſt aid,
And leave *Parnaſſus* for the *Tuillerie*'s ſhade;
Shall he (who late *Britannia*'s city trod,
And led the draggled Muſe, with pattens ſhod,
Through dirty lanes, and alleys doubtful ways)
Refuſe to write, when *Paris* aſks his lays!

Well then, I'll try. Deſcend, ye beauteous Nine,
In all the colours of the rainbow ſhine,
Let ſparkling ſtars your neck and ear adorn,
Lay on the bluſhes of the crimſon morn,
So may ye Balls and gay Aſſemblies grace,
And at the Opera claim the foremoſt place.

Trav'llers ſhould ever fit expreſſion chuſe,
Nor with low phraſe the lofty theme abuſe.

When

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When they deſcribe the ſtate of eaſtern Lords,
Pomp and magnificence ſhould ſwell their words;
And when they paint the ſerpent's ſcaly pride,
Their lines ſhould hiſs, their numbers ſmoothly ſlide;
But they, unmindful of Poetick rules,
Deſcribe alike Mockaws, and great *Moguls*.
Dampier would thus, without ill-meaning ſatire,
Dreſs forth in ſimple ſtile the *Petit-maitre*.

In Paris, *there's a race of animals.*
(I've ſeen them at their Operas and Balls)
They ſtand erect, they dance when-e'er they walk,
Monkeys in action, perroquets in talk;
They're crown'd with feathers, like the cockatoo,
And, like camelions, daily change their hue;
From patches juſtly plac'd they borrow graces,
And with vermilion lacker o'er their faces,
This cuſtom, as we viſibly diſcern,
They, by frequenting Ladies toilettes, learn.
Thus might the trav'ler eaſy truth impart.
Into the ſubject let me nobly ſtart!

How happy lives the man, how ſure to charm,
Whoſe knot embroider'd flutters down his arm!
On him the Ladies caſt the yielding glance,
Sigh in his ſongs, and languiſh in his dance;
While wretched is the Wit, contemn'd, forlorn,
Whoſe gummy hat no ſcarlet plumes adorn;
No broider'd flowers his worſted ankle grace,
Nor cane emboſs'd with gold directs his pace;
No Lady's favour on his ſword is hung.
What, though *Apollo* dictate from his tongue,
His wit is ſpiritleſs and void of grace,
Who wants the aſſurance of brocade and lace.
While the gay fop genteely talks of weather,
The fair in raptures doat upon his feather;

Like

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Like a Court-Lady though he write and ſpell,
His minuet ſtep was faſhion'd by † *Marcell*;
He dreſſes, fences. What avails to know?
For women chuſe their men, like ſilks, for ſhow.
Is this the thing, you cry, that *Paris* boaſts?
Is this the thing renown'd among our toaſts?
For ſuch a flutt'ring ſight we need not roam;
Our own aſſemblies ſhine with theſe at home.

Let us into the field of beauty ſtart;
Beauty's a theme that ever warm'd my heart.
Think not, ye Fair, that I the ſex accuſe:
How ſhall I ſpare you, prompted by the Muſe?
(The Muſes all are *Prudes*) ſhe rails, ſhe frets,
Amidſt this ſprightly nation of *coquettes*;
Yet let not us their looſe coquett'ry blame;
Women of ev'ry nation are the ſame.

You aſk me, if *Pariſian* dames, like ours,
With rattling dice prophane the *Sunday*'s hours;
If they the gameſter's pale-ey'd vigils keep,
And ſtake their honour while their huſbands ſleep?
Yes, Sir; like *Engliſh* Toaſts, the dames of *France*
Will riſque their income on a ſingle chance.
Nannette laſt night a tricking *Pharaoh* play'd,
The cards the Taillier's ſliding hand obey'd,
To-day her neck no brilliant circle wears,
Nor the ray-darting pendant loads her ears.
Why does old *Chloris* an Aſſembly hold?
Chloris each night divides the ſharper's gold.
Corinna's cheek with frequent loſſes burns,
And no bold *Trente le va* her fortune turns.
Ah too raſh virgin! where's thy virtue flown?
She pawns her perſon for the ſharper's loan.

† A famous dancing-maſter.

Yet

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Yet who with justice can the fair upbraid,
Whose debts of honour are so duely paid?

But let me not forget the *Toillette*'s cares,
Where art each morn the languid cheek repairs:
This red's too pale, nor gives a distant grace;
Madame to-day puts on her Opera face;
From this we scarce extract the milk-maid's bloom,
Bring the deep dye that warms across the room:
Now flames her cheek, so strong her charms prevail,
That on her gown the silken rose looks pale!
Not but that *Frame* some native beauty boasts,
Clermont and *Charolois* might grace our Toasts.

When the sweet-breathing spring unfolds the buds,
Love flies the dusty town for shady woods.
Then *Totenham* fields with roving beauty swarm,
And *Hampstead* Balls the city virgin warm,
Then *Chelsea*'s meads o'erhear perfidious vows,
And the prest grass defrauds the grazing cows.
'Tis here the same; but in a higher sphere,
For ev'n Court Ladies sin in open air.
What Cit with a gallant would trust his spouse
Beneath the tempting shade of *Greenwich* boughs?
What Peer of *France* would let his Duchess rove,
Where *Bologne*'s closest woods invite to love?
But here no wife can blast her husband's fame,
Cuckold is grown an honourable name.
Stretch'd on the grass the shepherd sighs his pain,
And on the grass what shepherd sighs in vain?
On *Chloe*'s lap here *Damon* lay'd along,
Melts with the languish of her am'rous song;
There *Iris* flies *Palæmon* through the glade,
Nor trips by chance——'till in the thickest shade;
Here *Celimene* defends her lips and breast,
For kisses are by struggling closer prest;

Alexis

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Alexis there with eager flame grows bold,
Nor can the nymph his wanton fingers hold;
Be wise, *Alexis*; what, so near the road!
Hark, a coach rolls, and husbands are abroad!
Such were our pleasures in the days of yore,
When am'rous *Charles Britannia*'s sceptre bore;
The nightly scene of joy the *Park* was made,
And Love in couples peopled every shade.
But since at Court the rural taste is lost,
What mighty sums have velvet couches cost!

Sometimes the *Tuillerie*'s gaudy walk I love,
Where I through crowds of rustling manteau's rove;
As here from side to side my eyes I cast,
And gaz'd on all the glitt'ring train that past.
Sudden a fop steps forth before the rest;
I knew the bold embroidery of his vest.
He thus accosts me with familiar air,
Parbleau! on a fait cet habit en Angleterre!
Quelle manche! ce galon est grossiérement rangé;
Voila quelque chose de fort beau et degagé!
This said: On his red heel he turns, and then
Hums a soft minuet, and proceeds agen.
Well; now you've Paris *seen, you'll frankly own*
Your boasted London *seems a country town;*
Has Christianity yet reach'd your nation?
Are churches built? Are Masquerades in fashion?
Do daily Soups your dinners introduce?
Are musick, snuff, and coaches yet in use?
Pardon me, Sir; we know the *Paris* mode,
And gather *Politesse* from Courts abroad.
Like you, our Courtiers keep a num'rous train
To load their coach; and tradesmen dun in vain.
Nor has religion left us in the lurch,
And, as in *France*, our vulgar crowd the Church;

Our

Our Ladies too ſupport the Maſquerade,
The ſex by nature love th' intriguing trade.
Straight the vain fop in ign'rant rapture cries,
Paris *the barbarous world will civilize !*
Pray, Sir, point out among the paſſing band
The preſent Beauties who the town command.
See yonder dame ; ſtrict virtue chills her breaſt,
Mark in her eye demure the Prude profeſt ;
That frozen boſom native fire muſt want,
Which boaſts of conſtancy to one gallant !
This next the ſpoils of fifty lovers wears,
Rich Dandin'*s brilliant favours grace her ears ;*
The necklace Florio'*s gen'rous flame beſtow'd,*
Clitander'*s ſparkling gems her finger load ;*
But now her charms grow cheap by conſtant uſe,
She ſins for ſcarfs, clock'd ſtockings, knots, and ſhoes.
This next, with ſober gait and ſerious leer,
Wearies her knees with morn and ev'ning prayer ;
She ſcorns th' ignoble love of feeble pages,
But with three Abbots in one night engages.
This with the cardinal her nights employs,
Where holy ſinews conſecrate her joys.
Why have I promis'd things beyond my power !
Five aſſignations wait me at this hour.
The ſprightly Counteſs firſt my viſit claims,
To-morrow ſhall indulge inferior dames.
Pardon me, Sir, that thus I take my leave,
Gay Florimella *ſlily twitch'd my ſleeve.*
Adieu, Monſieur——The Opera hour draws near.
Not ſee the Opera ! all the world is there ;
Where on the ſtage th' embroider'd youth of *France*
In bright array attract the female glance :
This languiſhes, this ſtruts, to ſhow his mien,
And not a gold clock'd ſtocking moves unſeen.

But

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But hark! the full *Orchestra* strike the strings;
The Hero struts, and the whole audience sings.
My jarring ear harsh grating murmurs wound,
Hoarse and confus'd, like *Babel*'s mingled sound.
Hard chance had plac'd me near a noisy throat,
That in rough quavers bellow'd ev'ry note.
Pray Sir, says I, suspend a-while your song,
The Opera's drown'd; your lungs are wond'rous strong;
I wish to hear your *Roland*'s ranting strain,
While he with rooted forests strows the plain.
Sudden he shrugs surprize, and answers quick,
Monsieur apparement n'aime pas la musique.
Then turning round, he join'd th' ungrateful noise;
And the loud chorus thunder'd with his voice.

O sooth me with some soft *Italian* air,
Let harmony compose my tortur'd ear!
When *Anastatia*'s voice commands the strain,
The melting warble thrills through ev'ry vein;
Thought stands suspense, and silence pleas'd attends,
While in her notes the heav'nly Choir descends.

But you'll imagine I'm a *Frenchman* grown,
Pleas'd and content with nothing but my own,
So strongly with this prejudice possest,
He thinks *French* music and *French* painting best.
Mention the force of learn'd *Corelli*'s notes,
Some scraping fidler of their Ball he quotes;
Talk of the spirit *Raphael*'s pencil gives,
Yet warm with life whose speaking picture lives;
Yes, Sir, says he, in colour and design,
Rigaut and *Raphael* are extremely fine!

'Tis true his country's love transports his breast
With warmer zeal, than your old *Greeks* profest.

Ulysses.

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Ulysses lov'd his *Ithaca* of yore,
Yet that sage trav'ler left his native shore;
What stronger virtue in the *Frenchman* shines!
He to dear *Paris* all his life confines.
I'm not so fond. There are, I must confess,
Things which might make me love my country less.
should not think my *Britain* had such charms,
lost to learning, if enslav'd by arms;
France has her *Richlieus* and her *Colberts* known,
And then, I grant it, *France* in science shone:
We too, I own, without such aids may chance
In ignorance and pride to rival *France*.

But let me not forget *Corneille*, *Racine*,
Boileau's strong sense, and *Moliere*'s hum'rous Scene.
Let *Cambray*'s name be sung above the rest,
Whose maxims, *Pult'ney*, warm thy patriot breast;
In *Mentor*'s precepts wisdom strong and clear
Dictates sublime, and distant nations hear.
Hear all ye Princes, who the world controul,
What cares, what terrors haunt the tyrant's soul;
His constant train are anger, fear, distrust.
To be a King, is to be good and just;
His people he protects, their rights he saves,
And scorns to rule a wretched race of slaves.

Happy, thrice happy shall the monarch reign,
Where guardian laws despotic power restrain!
There shall the plough-share break the stubborn land,
And bending harvest tire the peasant's hand:
There liberty her settled mansion boasts,
There commerce plenty brings from foreign coasts.
O *Britain*, guard thy laws, thy rights defend,
So shall these blessings to thy sons descend!

You'll

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You'll think, 'tis time ſome other theme to chuſe,
And not with Beaus and Fops fatigue the Muſe:
Should I let Satire looſe on *Engliſh* ground,
There fools of various character abound;
But here my verſe is to one race confin'd,
All *Frenchmen* are of *Petit-maitre* kind.

EPISTLE

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EPISTLE IV.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

PAUL METHUEN, ESQ.

THAT 'tis encouragement makes Science ſpread,
Is rarely practis'd, though 'tis often ſaid;
When learning droops and ſickens in the land,
What Patron's found to lend a ſaving hand?
True gen'rous Spirits proſp'rous vice deteſt,
And love to cheriſh virtue when diſtreſt:
But ere our mighty Lords this ſcheme purſue,
Our mighty Lords muſt think and act like you.

Why muſt we climb the *Alpine* mountain's ſides?
To find the ſeat where Harmony reſides?
Why touch we not ſo ſoft the ſilver lute,
The cheerful haut-boy, and the mellow flute?
'Tis not th' *Italian* clime improves the ſound,
But there the Patrons of her ſons are found.

Why flouriſh'd verſe in great *Auguſtus'* reign,
He and *Mecænas* lov'd the Muſe's ſtrain.
But now that weight in poverty muſt mourn
Who was (O cruel ſtars!) a Poet born.
Yet there are ways for authors to be great;
Write ranc'rous libels to reform the State:
Or if you chooſe more ſure and ready ways,
Spatter a Miniſter with fulſome praiſe:

Launch

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Launch out with freedom, flatter him enough;
Fear not, all men are dedication-proof.
Be bolder yet, you must go farther still,
Dip deep in gall thy mercenary quill.
He who his pen in party quarrels draws,
Lists an hir'd bravo to support the cause;
He must indulge his Patron's hate and spleen,
And stab the fame of those he ne'er had seen.
Why then should authors mourn their desp'rate case?
Be brave, do this, and then demand a place.
Why art thou poor? exert the gifts to rise,
And banish tim'rous virtue from thy eyes.

All this seems modern preface, where we're told
That wit is prais'd, but hungry lives and cold:
Against th' ungrateful age these authors roar,
And fancy learning starves because they're poor.
Yet why should learning hope success at Court?
Why should our Patriots virtue's cause support?
Why to true merit should they have regard?
They know that virtue is its own reward.
Yet let not me of grievances complain,
Who (though the meanest of the Muse's train)
Can boast subscriptions to my humble lays,
And mingle profit with my little praise.

Ask Painting, why she loves *Hesperian* air,
Go view, she cries, my glorious labours there;
There in rich palaces I reign in state,
And on the temple's lofty domes create.
The nobles view my works with knowing eyes,
They love the science, and the painter prize.

Why didst thou, *Kent*, forego thy native land,
To emulate in picture *Raphael*'s hand?
Think'st thou for this to raise thy name at home?
Go back, adorn the palaces of *Rome*;

There

There on the walls let thy just labours shine,
And *Raphael* live again in thy design.
Yet stay a while; call all thy genius forth,
For *Burlington* unbiass'd knows thy worth;
His judgment in thy master-strokes can trace
Titian's strong fire and *Guido*'s softer grace;
But, oh consider, ere thy works appear,
Canst thou unhurt the tongue of envy hear?
Censure will blame, her breath was ever spent
To blast the laurels of the Eminent.
While *Burlington*'s proportion'd columns rise,
Does not he stand the gaze of envious eyes?
Doors, windows, are condemn'd by passing fools,
Who know not that they damn *Palladio*'s rules.
If *Chandois* with a liberal hand bestow,
Censure imputes it all to pomp and show;
When, if the motive right were understood,
His daily pleasure is in doing good.

Had *Pope* with groveling numbers fill'd his page,
Dennis had never kindled into rage.
'Tis the sublime that hurts the Critic's ease;
Write nonsense, and he reads and sleeps in peace.
Were *Prior*, *Congreve*, *Swift* and *Pope* unknown,
Poor slander-selling *Curll* would be undone.
He who would free from malice pass his days,
Must live obscure, and never merit praise.
But let this tale to valiant virtue tell
The daily perils of deserving well.

A crow was strutting o'er the stubbled plain,
Just as a lark descending clos'd his strain.
The crow bespoke him thus with solemn grace,
Thou most accomplish'd of the feather'd race,
What force of lungs! how clear! how sweet you sing!
And no bird soars upon a stronger wing.

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The lark, who ſcorn'd ſoft flatt'ry, thus replies,
True, I ſing ſweet, and on ſtrong pinion riſe;
Yet let me paſs my life from envy free,
For what advantage are theſe gifts to me?
My ſong confines me to the wiry cage,
My flight provokes the faulcon's fatal rage.
But as you paſs, I hear the fowlers ſay,
To ſhoot at crows is powder flung away.

EPISTLE

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EPISTLE V.

TO HER GRACE

HENRIETTA,

DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

EXCUSE me, Madam, if amidſt your tears
A Muſe intrudes, a Muſe who feels your cares;
Numbers, like muſick, can ev'n grief controul,
And lull to peace the tumults of the ſoul.

If partners in our woes the mind relieve,
Conſider for your loſs ten thouſands grieve,
Th' affliction burthens not your heart alone;
When *Marlbro'* dy'd, a nation gave a groan.

Could I recite the dang'rous toils he choſe,
To bleſs his country with a fixt repoſe,
Could I recount the labours he o'ercame
To raiſe his country to the pitch of fame,
His councils, ſieges, his victorious fights,
To ſave his country's laws and native rights,
No father (ev'ry gen'rous heart muſt own)
Has ſtronger fondneſs to his darling ſhown.
Britannia's ſighs a double loſs deplore,
Her father and her hero is no more.

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Does *Britain* only pay her debt of tears?
Yes. *Holland* sighs, and for her freedom fears.
When *Gallia*'s monarch pour'd his wasteful bands,
Like a wide deluge, o'er her level lands,
She saw her frontier tow'rs in ruin lie,
Ev'n Liberty had prun'd her wings to fly;
Then *Marlbro*' came, defeated *Gallia* fled,
And shatter'd *Belgia* rais'd her languid head,
In him secure, as in her strongest mound
That keeps the raging sea within its bound.

O *Germany*, remember *Hockstet*'s plain,
Where prostrate *Gallia* bled at ev'ry vein,
Think on the rescue of th' Imperial throne,
Then think on *Marlbro*'s death without a groan?

Apollo kindly whispers me. "Be wise,
"How to his glory shall thy numbers rise?
"The force of verse another theme might raise,
"But here the merit must transcend the praise.
"Hast thou, presumptuous Bard, that godlike flame
"Which with the Sun shall last, and *Marlbro*'s fame?
"Then sing the man. But who can boast this fire?
"Resign the task, and silently admire."

Yet, shall he not in worthy lays be read?
Raise *Homer*, call up *Virgil* from the dead.
But he requires not the strong glare of verse,
Let punctual History his deeds rehearse,
Let Truth in native purity appear,
You'll find *Achilles* and *Æneas* there.

Is this the comfort which the Muse bestows?
I but indulge and aggravate your woes.
A prudent friend, who seeks to give relief,
Ne'er touches on the spring that mov'd the grief.
Is it not barb'rous to the sighing maid
To mention broken vows and nymphs betray'd?

Would

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Would you the ruin'd merchant's ſoul appeaſe,
With talk of ſands and rocks and ſtormy ſeas?
Ev'n while I ſtrive on *Marlbro*'s fame to riſe,
I call up ſorrow in a Daughter's eyes.

Think on the laurels that his temples ſhade,
Laurels that (ſpite of time) ſhall never fade;
Immortal Honour has enroll'd his name,
Detraction's dumb, and Envy put to ſhame;
Say, who can ſoar beyond his eagle flight?
Has he not reach'd to glory's utmoſt height?
What could he more, had Heaven prolong'd his date?
All human power is limited by fate.

Forbear. 'Tis cruel further to commend;
I wake your ſorrow, and again offend.
Yet ſure your goodneſs muſt forgive a crime,
Which will be ſpread through ev'ry age and clime;
Though in your life ten thouſand ſummers roll,
And though you compaſs earth from pole to pole,
Where-e'er men talk of war and martial fame,
They'll mention *Marlborough*'s and *Cæſar*'s name.

But vain are all the counſels of the Muſe,
A ſoul, like yours, cou'd not a tear refuſe:
Could you your birth and filial love forego,
Still ſighs muſt riſe and gen'rous ſorrow flow;
For when from earth ſuch matchleſs worth removes,
A great mind ſuffers. Virtue Virtue loves.

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TALES.

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TALES.

An Answer to the Sompner's *Prologue of* Chaucer.

In imitation of Chaucer's *style.*

THE *Sompner* leudly hath his Prologue told,
And faine on the Freers his tale japing and bold;
How that in Hell they searchen near and wide,
And ne one Freer in all thilke place espyde,
But lo! the devil turn'd his erse about,
And twenty thousand Freers wend in and out.
By which in *Jeoffry's* rhyming it appears,
The devil's belly is the hive of Freers.

Now listneth lordings! forthwith ye shall hear,
What happend at a house in *Lancashire.*
A misere that had lands and tenement,
Who raketh from his villaines taxes and rent,
Owned a house which emptye long y-stood,
Full deeply sited in a derkning wood,
Murmring a shallow brook runneth along,
Mong the round stones it maken doleful song.

Now there spreaden a rumour that everich night
The rooms ihaunted beeh by many a sprite,
The miller avoucheth, and all there about,
That they full oft hearen the hellish rout;

Some saine they hear the jingling of chains,
And some hath yheard the psautries straines,
At midnight some the headless horse imeet,
And some espien a corpse in a white sheet,
And oother things, faye, elfin and elfe,
And shapes that fear createn to itselfe.

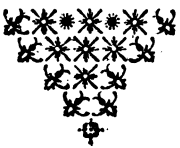
Now it so hapt, there was not ferre away,
Of grey Freers a fair and rich Abbaye,
Where liven a Freer ycleped *Pere Thomas*,
Who daren alone in derke through church-yerds pass.

This Freer would lye in thilike house all night,
In hope he might espyen a dreadful sprite.
He taketh candle, beades, and holy watere,
And legends eke of Saintes, and bookes of prayere.
He entereth the room, and looketh round about,
And haspen the door to haspen the goblin out.
The candle hath he put close by the bed,
And in low tone his *ave marye* said.
With water now besprinkled hath the floore,
And maken cross on key-hole of the doore.
Ne was there not a mouse-hole in thilke place,
But he y-crossed hath by God his grace:
He crossed hath this, and eke he crossed that,
With *benedicite* and God knows what.

Now he goeth to bed and lieth adown,
When the clock had just stricken the twelfth soun.
Bethinketh him now what the cause had ibeen,
Why many sprites by mortals have been seen.
Hem remembreth how *Dan Plutarch* hath y-sed
That *Cæsar's* sprite came to *Brute* his bed,
Of chains that frighten erst *Artemidore*,
The tales of *Pline*, *Valerie*, and many more.
Hem thinketh that some murdere here been done,
And he mought see some bloodye ghost anone,

Or

Or that ſome orphlines writings here be ſtor'd,
Or pot of gold laine deep beneath a board:
Or thinketh hem, if he might ſee no ſprite,
The Abbaye mought buy this houſe cheap outright.
As hem thus thinketh, anone aſleep he lies,
Up ſtarten *Sathanas* with ſaucer eyes.
He turned the Freer upon his face downright,
Diſplaying his nether cheeks full broad and white.
Then quoth *Dan Sathanas* as he thwacked him ſore,
Thou didſt forget to guard thy poſtern-door.
There is an hole which hath not croſſed been:
Farewell, from whence I came, I creepen in.
Now plain it is ytellen in my verſe,
If Devils in hell bear Freers in their erſe,
On earth the Devil in Freers doth y-dwell;
Were there no Freers, the Devil mought keep in hell.



WORK

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WORK FOR A COOPER.

A TALE.

A MAN may lead a happy life,
Without that needful thing a wife:
This long have lusty Abbots known,
Who ne'er knew spouses——of their own.
What, though your house be clean and neat,
With couches, chairs, and beds compleat;
Though you each day invite a friend,
Though he should ev'ry dish commend,
On *Bagshot-heath* your mutton fed,
Your fowls at *Brentford* born and bred;
Though purest wine your cellars boast,
Wine worthy of the fairest toast;
Yet there are other things requir'd:
Ring, and let's see the maid you hir'd—
Bless me! those hands might hold a broom,
Twirle round a mop, and wash a room:
A batchelor his maid should keep,
Not for that servile use to sweep,
Let her his humour understand,
And turn to ev'ry thing her hand.
Get you a lass that's young and tight,
Whose arms are, like her apron, white;
What though her shift be seldom seen?
Let that, though coarse, be always clean;

She

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She might each morn your tea attend,
And on your wrist your ruffle mend;
Then if you break a roguish jest,
Or squeeze her hand, or pat her breast,
She cries, Oh dear Sir, don't be naught!
And blushes speak her last night's fault.
To her your houshold cares confide,
Let your keys gingle at her side,
A footman's blunders teaze and fret ye,
Ev'n while you chide you smile on *Betty*.
Discharge him then, if he's too spruce,
For *Betty*'s for his master's use.

Will you your am'rous fancy baulk,
For fear some prudish neighbour talk?
But you'll object, that you're afraid
Of the pert freedoms of a maid;
Besides your wiser heads will say,
That she who turns her hand this way,
From one vice to another drawn,
Will lodge your silver spoons in pawn.
Has not the homely wrinkled jade
More need to learn the pilf'ring trade?
For love all *Betty*'s wants supplies,
Laces her shoes, her manteau dyes,
All her stuff suits she flings away,
And wears thread sattin every day.

Who then a dirty drab would hire,
Brown as the hearth of kitchen fire?
When all must own, were *Betty* put
To the black duties of the slut,
As well she scow'rs or scrubs a floor,
And still is good for something more.

Thus, to avoid the greater vice,
I knew a Priest, of conscience nice,

To

To quell his luſt for neighbour's ſpouſe,
Keep fornication in his houſe.

But you're impatient all this time,
Fret at my counſel, curſe my rhyme.
Be ſatisfy'd. I'll talk no more,
For thus my tale begins—Of yore
There dwelt at *Blois* a Prieſt full fair,
With rolling eye and criſped hair,
His chin hung low, his brow was ſleek,
Plenty lay baſking on his cheek;
Whole days at cloyſter grates he ſat,
Ogled, and talk'd of this and that
So feelingly; the Nuns lamented
That double bars were e'er invented.
If he the wanton wife confeſt
With downcaſt eye, and heaving breaſt;
He ſtroak'd her cheek to ſtill her fear,
And talk'd of ſins *en Cavalier*.
Each time enjoin'd her penance mild,
And fondled on her like his child.
At ev'ry jovial goſſip's feaſt
Pere Bernard was a welcome gueſt,
Mirth ſuffer'd not the leaſt reſtraint,
He could at will ſhake off the ſaint:
Nor frown'd he when they freely ſpoke,
But ſhook his ſides, and took the joke;
Nor fail'd he to promote the jeſt,
And ſhar'd the ſins which they confeſt.

Yet that he might not always roam,
He kept conveniencies at home.
His maid was in the bloom of beauty,
Well-limb'd for ev'ry ſocial duty;
He meddled with no houſhold cares,
To her conſign'd his whole affairs;

She

She of his ſtudy kept the keys,
For he was ſtudious—of his eaſe:
She had the power of all his locks,
Could rummage ev'ry cheſt and box,
Her honeſty ſuch credit gain'd,
Not ev'n the cellar was reſtrain'd.

In troth it was a goodly ſhow,
Lin'd with full hogſheads all a-row;
One veſſel, from the rank remov'd;
Far dearer than the reſt he lov'd.
Pour la bonne bouche 'twas ſet aſide,
To all but choiceſt friends deny'd.
He now and then would ſend a quart,
To warm ſome wife's retentive heart,
Againſt confeſſion's ſullen hour:
Wine has all ſecrets in its power.
At common feaſts it had been waſte,
Nor was it fit for layman's taſte.
If monk or friar were his gueſt,
They drank it, for they know the beſt.
Nay, he at length ſo fond was grown,
He always drank it when—alone.

Who ſhall recount his civil labours,
In pious viſits to his neighbours?
Whene'er weak huſbands went aſtray,
He gueſs'd their wives were in the way,
'Twas then his charity was ſhown,
He choſe to ſee them when alone.

Now was he bent on cuckoldom:
He knew friend *Dennis* was from home;
His wife (a poor neglected beauty,
Defrauded of a huſband's duty)
Had often told him at confeſſion,
How hard ſhe ſtruggled 'gainſt tranſgreſſion.

He

He now resolves, in heat of blood,
To try how firm her virtue stood.
He knew that wine (to love best aid)
Has oft made bold the shame-fac'd maid,
Taught her to romp, and take more freedoms,
Than nymphs train'd up at *Smith*'s or *Needham*'s.

A mighty bottle strait he chose,
Such as might give two Friars their dose:
Nanette he call'd: the cellar door
She straight unlocks, descends before,
He follow'd close. But when he spies
His fav'rite cask; with lifted eyes
And lifted hands aloud he cries,
Heigh day! my darling wine aftoop!
It must, alas! have sprung a hoop;
That there's a leak is past all doubt,
(Reply'd the maid)——I'll find it out.
She sets the candle down in haste,
Tucks her white apron round her waste,
The hogshead's mouldy side ascends,
She straddles wide, and downward bends;
So low she stoops to seek the flaw,
Her coats rose up, her master saw——
I see—he cries——(then clasp't her fast)
The leak through which my wine has past.

Then all in haste the maid descended,
And in a trice the leak was mended.
He found in *Nanette* all he wanted,
So *Dennis*' brows remain'd unplanted.

Ere since this time all lusty Friars
(Warm'd with predominant desires,
Whene'er the flesh with spirit quarrels)
Look on the sex as leaky barrels.

Beware

Beware of these, ye jealous spouses,
From such like coopers guard your houses;
For if they find not work at home,
For jobs through all the town they roam.

THE

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THE EQUIVOCATION.

A TALE.

AN Abbot rich (whose taste was good
Alike in science and in food)
His Bishop had resolv'd to treat;
The Bishop came, the Bishop eat;
'Twas silence, 'till their stomachs fail'd;
And now at Hereticks they rail'd;
What Heresy (the Prelate said)
Is in that Church where Priests may wed!
Do not we take the Church for life?
But those divorce her for a wife,
Like laymen keep her in their houses,
And own the children of their spouses.
Vile practices! the Abbot cry'd,
For pious use we're set aside!
Shall we take wives? marriage at best
Is but carnality profest.
Now as the Bishop took his glass,
He spy'd our Abbot's buxom lass
Who cross'd the room, he mark'd her eye
That glow'd with love; his pulse beat high.
Fye, father, fye, (the Prelate cries)
A maid so young! for shame, be wise.
These indiscretions lend a handle
To lewd lay tongues, to give us scandal;

For

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For your vows ſake, this rule I give t'ye,
Let all your maids be turn'd of fifty.
The Prieſt reply'd, I have not ſwerv'd,
But your chaſte precept well obſerv'd,
That laſs full twenty-five has told,
I've yet another who's as old;
Into one ſum their ages caſt;
So both my maids have fifty paſt.
The Prelate ſmil'd, but durſt not blame;
For why? his Lordſhip did the ſame.
Let thoſe who reprimand their brothers,
Firſt mend the faults they find in others.

A TRUE

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A TRUE STORY OF AN APPARITION.

SCepticks (whose strength of argument makes out
That wisdom's deep enquiries end in doubt)
Hold this assertion positive and clear,
That sprites are pure delusions rais'd by fear.
Not that fam'd ghost, which in presaging sound
Call'd *Brutus* to *Philippi*'s fatal ground;
Nor can *Tiberius Gracchus*' goary shade
These ever-doubting disputants persuade,
Straight they with smiles reply; those tales of old
By visionary Priests were made and told:
Oh might some ghost at dead of night appear,
And make you own conviction by your fear!
I know your sneers my easy faith accuse,
Which with such idle legends scares the Muse:
But think not that I tell those vulgar sprights,
Which frighted boys relate on winter nights;
How cleanly milk-maids meet the fairy train,
How headless horses drag the clinking chain,
Night-roaming ghosts, by saucer eye-balls known,
The common spectres of each country town.
No, I such fables can like you despise,
And laugh to hear these nurse-invented lies.
Yet has not oft the fraudful guardian's fright
Compell'd him to restore an orphan's right?

And

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And can we doubt that horrid ghosts ascend,
Which on the conscious murd'rer's steps attend?
Hear then, and let attested truth prevail,
From faithful lips I learnt the dreadful tale.

Where *Arden*'s forest spreads its limits wide,
Whose branching paths the doubtful road divide,
A trav'ler took his solitary way;
When low beneath the hills was sunk the day.
And now the skies with gath'ring darkness lour,
The branches rustle with the threaten'd shower;
With sudden blasts the forest murmurs loud,
Indented lightnings cleave the sable cloud,
Thunder on thunder breaks, the tempest roars,
And heav'n discharges all its watry stores.
The wand'ring trav'ler shelter seeks in vain,
And shrinks and shivers with the beating rain:
On his steed's neck the slacken'd bridle lay,
Who chose with cautious step th' uncertain way;
And now he checks the rein, and haults to hear
If any noise foretold a village near.
At length from far a stream of light he sees
Extend its level ray between the trees;
Thither he speeds, and as he nearer came
Joyful he knew the lamp's domestick flame
That trembled through the window; cross the way
Darts forth the barking cur, and stands at bay.

It was an ancient lonely house, that stood
Upon the borders of the spacious wood;
Here towers and antique battlements arise,
And there in heaps the moulder'd ruin lies;
Some Lord this mansion held in days of yore,
To chace the wolf, and pierce the foaming boar:
How chang'd, alas, from what it once had been!
'Tis now degraded to a publick inn.

Straight

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Straight he dismounts, repeats his loud commands;
Swift at the gate the ready landlord stands;
With frequent cringe he bows, and begs excuse,
His house was full, and every bed in use.
What not a garret, and no straw to spare?
Why then the kitchen fire and elbow-chair
Shall serve for once to nod away the night.
The kitchen ever is the servants right,
Replies the host; there, all the fire around,
The Count's tir'd footmen snore upon the ground.

The maid, who listen'd to this whole debate,
With pity learnt the weary stranger's fate.
Be brave, she cries, you still may be our guest,
Our haunted room was ever held the best;
If then your valour can the fright sustain
Of rattling curtains and the clinking chain,
If your courageous tongue have power to talk,
When round your bed the horrid ghost shall walk;
If you dare ask it, why it leaves its tomb,
I'll see your sheets well air'd, and show the room.
Soon as the frighted maid her tale had told,
The stranger enter'd, for his heart was bold.

The damsel led him through a spacious hall,
Where Ivy hung the half-demolish'd wall;
She frequent look'd behind, and chang'd her hue,
While fancy tipt the candle's flame with blue.
And now they gain'd the winding stairs ascent,
And to the lonesome room of terrors went.
When all was ready, swift retir'd the maid,
The watch-lights burn, tuckt warm in bed was laid
The hardy stranger, and attends the sprite
Till his accustom'd walk at dead of night.

At first he hears the wind with hollow roar
Shake the loose lock, and swing the creaking door;

Nearer

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Nearer and nearer draws the dreadful ſound
Of rattling chains, that dragg'd upon the ground;
When lo, the ſpectre came with horrid ſtride,
Approach'd the bed, and drew the curtains wide!
In human form the ghaſtful Phantom ſtood,
Expos'd his mangled boſom dy'd with blood.
Then ſilent pointing to his wounded breaſt,
Thrice wav'd his hand. Beneath the frighted gueſt
The bed-cords trembled, and with ſhudd'ring fear,
Swet chill'd his limbs, high roſe his briſtled hair;
Then mutt'ring haſty pray'rs, he mann'd his heart,
And cry'd aloud; Say, whence and who thou art?
The ſtalking ghoſt with hollow voice replies,
Three years are counted, ſince with mortal eyes
I ſaw the ſun, and vital air reſpir'd.
Like thee benighted, and with travel tir'd,
Within theſe walls I ſlept. O thirſt of gain!
See, ſtill the planks the bloody mark retain;
Stretch'd on this very bed, from ſleep I ſtart,
And ſee the ſteel impending o'er my heart;
The barb'rous hoſteſs held the lifted knife,
The floor ran purple with my guſhing life.
My treaſure now they ſeize, the golden ſpoil
They bury deep beneath the graſs grown ſoil,
Far in the common field. Be bold, ariſe,
My ſteps ſhall lead thee to the ſecret prize;
There dig and find; let that thy care reward:
Call loud on juſtice, bid her not retard
To puniſh murder; lay my ghoſt at reſt,
So ſhall with peace ſecure thy nights be bleſt;
And when beneath theſe boards my bones are found,
Decent inter them in ſome ſacred ground.

Here ceas'd the ghoſt. The ſtranger ſprings from bed,
And boldly follows where the Phantom led;

The

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The half-worn ſtoney ſtairs they now deſcend,
Where paſſages obſcure their arches bend.
Silent they walk; and now through groves they paſs,
Now through wet meads their ſteps imprint the graſs;
At length amidſt a ſpacious field they came:
There ſtops the ſpectre, and aſcends in flame.
Amaz'd he ſtood, no buſh, or briar was found,
To teach his morning ſearch to find the ground;
What could he do? the night was hideous dark,
Fear ſhook his joints, and nature dropt the mark:
With that he ſtarting wak'd, and rais'd his head,
But found the golden mark was left in bed.

What is the ſtateſman's vaſt ambitious ſcheme,
But a ſhort viſion, and a golden dream?
Power, wealth, and title elevate his hope;
He wakes. But for a garter finds a rope.

THE

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THE

MAD-DOG.

A TALE.

A PRUDE, at morn and ev'ning prayer,
Had worn her velvet cuſhion bare;
Upward ſhe taught her eyes to roll,
As if ſhe watch'd her ſoaring ſoul;
And when devotion warm'd the croud,
None ſung, or ſmote their breaſt ſo loud:
Pale Penitence had mark'd her face
With all the meagre ſigns of grace.
Her maſs-book was compleatly lin'd
With painted Saints of various kind:
But when in ev'ry page ſhe view'd
Fine Ladies who the fleſh ſubdu'd;
As quick her beads ſhe counted o'er,
She cry'd——ſuch wonders are no more!
She choſe not to delay confeſſion,
To bear at once a year's tranſgreſſion,
But ev'ry week ſet all things even,
And balanc'd her accounts with heav'n.
Behold her now in humble guiſe,
Upon her knees with downcaſt eyes
Before the Prieſt: ſhe thus begins;
And ſobbing, blubbers forth her ſins;

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Who could that tempting man resist?
My virtue languish'd, as he kiss'd;
I strove,——till I could strive no longer,
How can the weak subdue the stronger?

The Father ask'd her where and when?
How many? and what sort of men?
By what degrees her blood was heated?
How oft' the frailty was repeated?
Thus have I seen a pregnant wench
All flush'd with guilt before the bench,
The Judges (wak'd by wanton thought)
Dive to the bottom of her fault,
They leer, they simper at her shame,
And make her call all things by name.

And now to sentence he proceeds,
Prescribes how oft' to tell her beads;
Shows her what Saints could do her good,
Doubles her fasts to cool her blood.
Eas'd of her sins, and light as air,
Away she trips perhaps to prayer.
'Twas no such thing. Why then this haste?
The clock has struck, the hour is past,
And on the spur of inclination,
She scorn'd to bilk her assignation.

Whate'er she did, next week she came,
And piously confest the same;
The Priest, who female frailties pity'd,
First chid her, then her sins remitted.

But did she now her crime bemoan
In penitential sheets alone?
And was no bold, no beastly fellow
The nightly partner of her pillow?
No, none: for next time in the grove
A bank was conscious of her love.

Confession

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Confession day was come about,
And now again it all must out,
She seems to wipe her twinkling eyes,
What now, my child, the father cries,
Again, says she!—with threatning looks,
He thus the prostrate dame rebukes.

Madam, I grant there's something in it,
That virtue has th' unguarded minute;
But pray now tell me what are whores,
But women of unguarded hours?
Then you must sure have lost all shame.
What, ev'ry day, and still the same,
And no fault else! 'tis strange to find
A woman to one sin confin'd!
Pride is this day her darling passion,
The next day slander is in fashion;
Gaming succeeds; if fortune crosses,
Then virtue's mortgag'd for her losses;
By use her fav'rite vice she loaths,
And loves new follies like new cloaths:
But you, beyond all thought unchaste,
Have all sin center'd near your waste!
Whence is this appetite so strong?
Say, Madam, did your mother long?
Or is it lux'ry and high diet
That won't let virtue sleep in quiet?
She tells him now with meekest voice,
That she had never err'd by choice,
Nor was there known a virgin chaster,
Till ruin'd by a sad disaster.

That she a fav'rite lap-dog had,
Which, (as she stroak'd and kiss'd) grew mad;
And on her lip a wound indenting,
First set her youthful blood fermenting.

The Priest reply'd, with zealous fury,
You should have sought the means to cure ye.
Doctors by various ways, we find,
Treat these distempers of the mind.
Let gaudy ribands be deny'd
To her, who raves with scornful pride;
And if religion crack her notions,
Lock up her volumes of devotions;
But if for man her rage prevail,
Bar her the sight of creatures male.
Or else to cure such venom'd bites,
And set the shatter'd thoughts arights;
They send you to the ocean's shore,
And plunge the Patient o'er and o'er.

The dame reply'd, Alas! in vain
My kindred forced me to the main;
Naked, and in the face of day:
Look not, ye fishermen, this way!
What virgin had not done as I did?
My modest hand, by nature guided,
Debarr'd at once from human eyes
The seat where female honour lyes,
And though thrice dipt from top to toe,
I still secur'd the post below,
And guarded it with grasp so fast
Not one drop through my fingers past;
Thus owe I to my bashful care,
That all the rage is settled there.

Weigh well the projects of mankind;
Then tell me, Reader, canst thou find
The man from madness wholly free?
They all are mad——save you and me.
Do not the statesman, fop and wit,
By daily follies prove they're bit?

And

And when the briny cure they try'd,
Some part ſtill kept above the tide?

Some men (when drench'd beneath the wave)
High o'er their heads their fingers ſave:
Thoſe hands by mean extortion thrive,
Or in the pocket lightly dive:
Or more expert in pilf'ring vice,
They burn and itch to cog the dice.

Plunge in a courtier; ſtrait his fears
Direct his hands to ſtop his ears.
And now truth ſeems a grating noiſe,
He loves the ſland'rer's whiſp'ring voice;
He hangs on flatt'ry with delight,
And thinks all fulſome praiſe is right.
All women dread a watry death:
They ſhut their lips to hold their breath;
And though you duck them ne'er ſo long,
Not one ſalt drop e'er wets their tongue;
'Tis hence they ſcandal have at will,
And that this member ne'er lies ſtill.

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ECLOGUES.

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THE

BIRTH OF THE SQUIRE.

AN ECLOGUE.

In Imitation of the POLLIO *of* VIRGIL.

YE ſylvan Muſes, loftier ſtrains recite,
Not all in ſhades, and humble cots delight.
Hark! the bells ring; along the diſtant grounds
The driving gales convey the ſwelling ſounds;
Th' attentive ſwain, forgetful of his work,
With gaping wonder, leans upon his fork.
What ſudden news alarms the waking morn?
To the glad Squire a hopeful heir is born.
Mourn, mourn, ye ſtags; and all ye beaſts of chaſe,
This hour deſtruction brings on all your race:
See the pleas'd tenants duteous off'rings bear,
Turkeys and geeſe and grocer's ſweeteſt ware;
With the new health the pond'rous tankard flows,
And old *October* reddens ev'ry noſe.
Beagles and ſpaniels round his cradle ſtand,
Kiſs his moiſt lip and gently lick his hand;
He joys to hear the ſhrill horn's echoing ſounds,
And learns to liſp the names of all the hounds.
With frothy ale to make his cup o'erflow,
Barley ſhall in paternal acres grow;

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The bee shall sip the fragrant dew from flow'rs,
To give metheglin for his morning hours;
For him the clustring hop shall climb the poles,
And his own orchard sparkle in his bowls.

His Sire's exploits he now with wonder hears,
The monstrous tales indulge his greedy ears;
How when youth strung his nerves and warm'd his veins,
He rode the mighty *Nimrod* of the plains:
He leads the staring infant through the hall,
Points out the horny spoils that grace the wall;
Tells, how this stag thro' three whole counties fled,
What rivers swam, where bay'd, and where he bled.
Now he the wonders of the fox repeats,
Describes the desp'rate chase, and all his cheats;
How in one day beneath his furious speed,
He tir'd seven coursers of the fleetest breed;
How high the pale he leapt, how wide the ditch,
When the hound tore the haunches of the * witch!
These stories which descend from son to son,
The forward boy shall one day make his own.

Ah, too fond mother, think the time draws nigh,
That calls the darling from thy tender eye;
How shall his spirit brook the rigid rules,
And the long tyranny of grammar schools?
Let younger brothers o'er dull authors plod,
Lash'd into *Latin* by the tingling rod:
No, let him never feel that smart disgrace:
Why should he wiser prove than all his race?

When rip'ning youth with down o'ershades his chin,
And ev'ry female eye incites to sin;

* The most common accident to Sportsmen; to hunt a witch in the shape of a hare.

The

The milk-maid (thoughtless of her future shame)
With smacking lip shall raise his guilty flame;
The dairy, barn, the hay-loft and the grove
Shall oft' be conscious of their stolen love.
But think, *Priscilla*, on that dreadful time,
When pangs and watry qualms shall own thy crime;
How wilt thou tremble when thy nipple's prest,
To see the white drops bathe thy swelling breast!
Nine Moons shall publickly divulge thy shame,
And the young Squire forestall a father's name.

When twice twelve times the reaper's sweeping hand
With levell'd harvests has bestrown the land,
On fam'd *St. Hubert*'s feast, his winding horn
Shall cheer the joyful hound and wake the morn:
This memorable day his eager speed
Shall urge with bloody heel the rising steed.
O check the foamy bit, nor tempt thy fate,
Think on the murders of a five-bar gate!
Yet prodigal of life, the leap he tries,
Low in the dust his groveling honour lies,
Headlong he falls, and on the rugged stone
Distorts his neck, and cracks the collar bone;
O vent'rous youth, thy thirst of game allay,
May'st thou survive the perils of this day!
He shall survive; and in late years be sent
To snore away Debates in *Parliament*.

The time shall come, when his more solid sense
With nod important shall the laws dispense;
A Justice with grave Justices shall sit,
He praise their wisdom, they admire his wit.
No greyhound shall attend the tenant's pace,
No rusty gun the farmer's chimney grace;
Salmons shall leave their covers void of fear,
Nor dread the thievish net or triple spear;

Poachers

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Poachers ſhall tremble at his awful name,
Whom vengeance now o'ertakes for murder'd game.
Aſſiſt me, *Bacchus*, and ye drunken Pow'rs,
To ſing his friendſhips and his midnight hours!
Why doſt thou glory in thy ſtrength of beer,
Firm-cork'd, and mellow'd till the twentieth year;
Brew'd or when *Phœbus* warms the fleecy ſign,
Or when his languid rays in *Scorpio* ſhine.
Think on the miſchiefs which from hence have ſprung!
It arms with curſes dire the wrathful tongue;
Foul ſcandal to the lying lip affords,
And prompts the mem'ry with injurious words.
O where is wiſdom, when by this o'erpower'd?
The ſtate is cenſur'd, and the maid deflower'd!
And wilt thou ſtill, O Squire, brew ale ſo ſtrong?
Hear then the dictates of prophetic ſong.
Methinks I ſee him in his hall appear,
Where the long table floats in clammy beer,
'Midſt mugs and glaſſes ſhatter'd o'er the floor,
Dead-drunk his ſervile crew ſupinely ſnore;
Triumphant, o'er the proſtrate brutes he ſtands,
The mighty bumper trembles in his hands;
Boldly he drinks, and like his glorious Sires,
In copious gulps of potent ale expires,

THE.

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THE

TOILETTE.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

LYDIA.

NOW twenty ſprings had cloth'd the Park with green,
Since *Lydia* knew the bloſſom of fifteen;
No lovers now her morning hours moleſt,
And catch her at her Toilette half undreſt;
The thund'ring knocker wakes the ſtreet no more,
No chairs, no coaches crowd her ſilent door;
Her midnights once at cards and *Hazard* fled,
Which now, alas! ſhe dreams away in bed.
Around her wait Shocks, monkeys and mockaws,
To fill the place of Fops, and perjur'd Beaus;
In theſe ſhe views the mimickry of man,
And ſmiles when grinning *Pug* gallants her fan;
When *Poll* repeats, the ſounds deceive her ear,
For ſounds, like his, once told her *Damon*'s care.
With theſe alone her tedious mornings paſs;
Or at the dumb devotion of her glaſs,
She ſmooths her brow, and frizles forth her hairs,
And fancies youthful dreſs gives youthful airs;
With crimſon wool ſhe fixes ev'ry grace,
That not a bluſh can diſcompoſe her face.

Reclin'd

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Reclin'd upon her arm ſhe penſive ſate,
And curs'd th' inconſtancy of youth too late.

O Youth! O ſpring of life! for ever loſt!
No more my name ſhall reign the fav'rite Toaſt,
On glaſs no more the di'mond grave my name,
And rhymes miſpell'd record a lover's flame:
Nor ſhall ſide-boxes watch my reſtleſs eyes,
And as they catch the glance in rows ariſe
With humble bows; nor white-glov'd Beaus encroach
In crowds behind, to guard me to my coach.
Ah hapleſs nymph! ſuch conqueſts are no more,
For *Chloe*'s now what *Lydia* was before!

'Tis true, this *Chloe* boaſts the peach's bloom.
But does her nearer whiſper breathe perfume?
I own her taper ſhape is form'd to pleaſe.
Yet if you ſaw her unconfin'd by ſtays!
She doubly to fifteen may make pretence,
Alike we read it in her face and ſenſe.
Her reputation! but that never yet
Could check the freedoms of a young Coquet.
Why will ye then, vain Fops, her eyes believe?
Her eyes can, like your perjur'd tongues, deceive.

What ſhall I do? how ſpend the hateful day?
At chapel ſhall I wear the morn away?
Who there frequents at theſe unmodiſh hours,
But ancient matrons with their frizled tow'rs,
And gray religious maids? my preſence there
Amid that ſober train would own deſpair;
Nor am I yet ſo old; nor is my glance
As yet fixt wholly to devotion's trance.

Straight then I'll dreſs, and take my wonted range
Through ev'ry *Indian* ſhop, through all the *Change*;
Where the tall jar erects his coſtly pride,
With antick ſhapes in *China*'s azure dy'd;

There

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There careless lies the rich brocade unroll'd,
Here shines a cabinet with burnish'd gold;
But then remembrance will my grief renew,
'Twas there the raffling dice false *Damon* threw;
The raffling dice to him decide the prize.
'Twas there he first convers'd with *Chloe*'s eyes;
Hence sprung th' ill-fated cause of all my smart,
To me the toy he gave, to her his heart.
But soon thy perj'ry in the gift was found,
The shiver'd *China* dropt upon the ground;
Sure omen that thy vows would faithless prove;
Frail was thy present, frailer is thy love.

O happy *Poll*, in wiry prison pent;
Thou ne'er hast known what love or rivals meant;
And *Pug* with pleasure can his fetters bear,
Who ne'er believ'd the vows that lovers swear!
How am I curst! (unhappy and forlorn)
With perjury, with love, and rival's scorn!
False are the loose Coquet's inveigling airs,
False is the pompous grief of youthful heirs,
False is the cringing courtier's plighted word,
False are the dice when gamesters stamp the board,
False is the sprightly widow's publick tear;
Yet these to *Damon*'s oaths are all sincere.

Fly from perfidious man, the sex disdain;
Let servile *Chloe* wear the nuptial chain.
Damon is practis'd in the modish life,
Can hate, and yet be civil to a wife.
He games; he swears; he drinks; he fights; he roves;
Yet *Chloe* can believe he fondly loves.
Mistress and wife can well supply his need,
A miss for pleasure, and a wife for breed.
But *Chloe*'s air is unconfin'd and gay,
And can perhaps an injur'd bed repay;

Perhaps

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Perhaps her patient temper can behold
The rival of her love adorn'd with gold.
Powder'd with di'monds; free from thought and care,
A husband's sullen humours she can bear.

Why are these sobs? and why these streaming eyes?
Is love the cause? no, I the sex despise;
I hate, I loath his base perfidious name.
Yet if he should but feign a rival flame?
But *Chloe* boasts and triumphs in my pains,
To her he's faithful, 'tis to me he feigns.

Thus love-sick *Lydia* rav'd. Her maid appears;
A band-box in her steady hand she bears.
How well this riband's gloss becomes your face!
She cries, in raptures; then, so sweet a lace!
How charmingly you look! so bright! so fair!
'Tis to your eyes the head-dress owes its air.
Straight *Lydia* smil'd; the comb adjusts her locks,
And at the Play-house *Harry* keeps her box.

THE

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THE

TEA-TABLE.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

DORIS and MELANTHE.

SAINT *James's* noon-day bell for prayers had toll'd,
And coaches to the Patron's *Levée* roll'd,
When *Doris* rose. And now through all the room
From flow'ry Tea exhales a fragrant fume.
Cup after cup they sipt, and talk'd by sits,
For *Doris* here, and there *Melanthe* sits.
Doris was young, a laughter-loving dame,
Nice of her own alike and others fame;
Melanthe's tongue could well a tale advance,
And sooner gave than sunk a circumstance:
Lock'd in her mem'ry secrets never dy'd;
Doris begun, *Melanthe* thus reply'd.

DORIS.

Sylvia the vain fantastic fop admires,
The Rake's loose gallantry her bosom fires;

Sylvia

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Sylvia like that is vain, like this ſhe roves,
In liking them ſhe but herſelf approves.

MELANTHE.

Laura rails on at men, the ſex reviles,
Their vice condemns, or at their folly ſmiles.
Why ſhould her tongue in juſt reſentment fail,
Since men at her with equal freedom rail?

DORIS.

Laſt *Maſquerade* was *Sylvia* nymphlike ſeen,
Her hand a crook ſuſtain'd, her dreſs was green;
An am'rous ſhepherd led her through the croud,
The nymph was innocent, the ſhepherd vow'd;
But nymphs their innocence with ſhepherds truſt;
So both withdrew, as nymph and ſhepherd muſt.

MELANTHE.

Name but the licenſe of the modern ſtage,
Laura takes fire, and kindles into rage;
The whining Tragic love ſhe ſcarce can bear,
But nauſeous Comedy ne'er ſhock'd her ear;
Yet in the gall'ry mobb'd, ſhe ſits ſecure,
And laughs at jeſts that turn the Box demure.

DORIS.

Truſt not, ye Ladies, to your beauty's pow'r,
For beauty withers like a ſhrivell'd flow'r;
Yet thoſe fair flow'rs that *Sylvia*'s temples bind,
Fade not with ſudden blights or winter's wind;
Like thoſe her face defies the rolling years,
For art her roſes and her charms repairs.

MELANTHE.

Laura deſpiſes ev'ry outward grace,
The wanton ſparkling eye, the blooming face;
The beauties of the ſoul are all her pride,
For other beauties Nature has deny'd;

If

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If affectation ſhow a beauteous mind,
Lives there a man to *Laura*'s merits blind?

DORIS.

Sylvia be ſure defies the town's reproach,
Whoſe *Deſhabille* is ſoil'd in hackney coach;
What though the ſaſh was clos'd, muſt we conclude,
That ſhe was yielding, when her ſop was rude?

MELANTHE.

Laura learnt caution at too dear a coſt.
What Fair could e'er retrieve her honour loſt?
Secret ſhe loves; and who the nymph can blame,
Who durſt not own a footman's vulgar flame?

DORIS.

Though *Laura*'s homely taſte deſcends ſo low;
Her footman well may vie with *Sylvia*'s beau.

MELANTHE.

Yet why ſhould *Laura* think it a diſgrace,
When proud *Miranda*'s groom wears *Flanders* lace?

DORIS.

What, though for muſick *Cynthio* boaſts an ear?
Robin perhaps can hum an *Opera* air.
Cynthio can bow, takes ſnuff, and dances well,
Robin talks common ſenſe, can write and ſpell:
Sylvia's vain fancy dreſs and ſhow admires,
But 'tis the man alone whom *Laura* fires.

MELANTHE.

Plato's wiſe morals *Laura*'s ſoul improve:
And this no doubt muſt be *Platonic* love!
Her ſoul to gen'rous acts was ſtill inclin'd;
What ſhows more virtue than an humble mind?

DORIS.

What, though young *Sylvia* loves the Park's cool ſhade,
And wanders in the duſk the ſecret glade?

Maſqu'd

Masqu'd and alone (by chance) she met her Spark,
That innocence is weak which shuns the dark.

MELANTHE.

But *Laura* for her flame has no pretence;
Her footman is a footman too in sense.
All Prudes I hate, and those are rightly curst
With scandal's double load, who censure first.

DORIS.

And what if *Cynthio Sylvia*'s garter ty'd!
Who such a foot and such a leg would hide;
When crook-knee'd *Phillis* can expose to view
Her gold-clock'd stocking, and her tawdry shoe?

MELANTHE.

If pure Devotion center in the face,
If cens'ring others shew intrinsick grace,
If guilt to publick freedoms be confin'd,
Prudes (all must own) are of the holy kind!

DORIS.

Sylvia disdains reserve, and flies constraint:
She neither is, nor would be thought a Saint.

MELANTHE.

Love is a trivial passion, *Laura* cries,
May I be blest with friendship's stricter ties;
To such a breast all secrets we commend;
Sure the whole *Drawing-room* is *Laura*'s friend.

DORIS.

At marriage *Sylvia* rails; who men would trust?
Yet husbands' jealousies are sometimes just.
Her favours *Sylvia* shares among mankind,
Such gen'rous love should never be confin'd.

As thus alternate chat employ'd their tongue,
With thund'ring raps the brazen knocker rung.

Laura

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Laura and *Sylvia* came; the nymphs arise:
This unexpected visit, *Doris*, cries,
Is doubly kind! *Melanthe Laura* led,
Since I was last so blest, my dear, she said,
Sure 'tis an age! they sate; the hour was set;
And all again that night at *Ombrè* met.

THE

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THE

FUNERAL.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

SABINA. LUCY.

TWICE had the moon perform'd her monthly race,
Since first the veil o'ercast *Sabina*'s face.
Then dy'd the tender partner of her bed.
And lives *Sabina* when *Fidelio*'s dead?
Fidelio's dead, and yet *Sabina* lives.
But see the tribute of her tears she gives;
Their absent Lord her rooms in sable mourn,
And all the day the glimmering tapers burn;
Stretch'd on the couch of state she pensive lies,
While oft the snowy cambric wipes her eyes.
Now enter'd *Lucy*; trusty *Lucy* knew
To roll a sleeve, or bear a *Billet-doux*;
Her ready tongue, in secret service try'd,
With equal fluency spoke truth, or ly'd;
She well could flush or humble a gallant!
And serve at once as maid and confidant!

A letter

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A letter from her faithful ſtays ſhe took:
Sabina ſnatch'd it with an angry look,
And thus in haſty words her grief confeſt,
While *Lucy* ſtrove to ſooth her troubled breaſt.

SABINA.

What, ſtill *Myrtillo*'s hand! his flame I ſcorn,
Give back his paſſion with the ſeal untorn.
To break our ſoft repoſe has man a right,
And are we doom'd to read whate'er they write?
Not all the ſex my firm reſolves ſhall move,
My life's a life of ſorrow, not of love.
May *Lydia*'s wrinkles all my forehead trace,
And *Celia*'s paleneſs ſicken o'er my face,
May fops of mine, as *Flavia*'s favours, boaſt,
And Coquets triumph in my honour loſt;
May cards employ my nights, and never more
May theſe curſt eyes behold a Matedore!
Break *China*, periſh *Shock*, die *Perroquet!*
When I *Fidelio*'s dearer love forget.
Fidelio's judgment ſcorn'd the foppiſh train,
His air was eaſy, and his dreſs was plain,
His words ſincere, reſpect his preſence drew,
And on his lips ſweet converſation grew.
Where's wit, where's beauty, where is virtue fled?
Alas! they're now no more; *Fidelio*'s dead!

LUCY.

Yet when he liv'd, he wanted ev'ry grace;
That eaſy air was then an aukward pace:
Have not your ſighs in whiſpers often ſaid,
His dreſs was ſlovenly, his ſpeech ill-bred?
Have not I heard you, with a ſecret tear,
Call that ſweet converſe ſullen and ſevere?
Think not I come to take *Myrtillo*'s part,
Let *Chloe*, *Daphne*, *Doris*, ſhare his heart.

Let

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Let *Chloe*'s love in every ear expreſs
His graceful perſon and genteel addreſs.
All well may judge what ſhaft has *Daphne* hit,
Who ſuffers ſilence to admire his wit.
His equipage and liv'ries *Doris* move,
But *Chloe*, *Daphne*, *Doris* fondly love.
Sooner ſhall Cits in faſhions guide the Court,
And beaus upon the buſy *Change* reſort;
Sooner the nation ſhall from ſnuff be freed,
And fops' apartments ſmoak with *India*'s weed,
Sooner I'd wiſh and ſigh through nunn'ry grates,
Than recommend the flame *Sabina* hates.

SABINA.

Becauſe ſome widows are in haſte ſubdu'd;
Shall every fop upon our tears intrude?
Can I forget my lov'd *Fidelio*'s tongue,
Soft as the warbling of *Italian* ſong?
Did not his roſy lips breathe forth perfume,
Fragrant as ſteams from Tea's imperial bloom?

LUCY.

Yet once you thought that tongue a greater curſe
Than ſqualls of children for an abſent nurſe.
Have you not fancy'd in his frequent kiſs
Th' ungrateful leavings of a filthy Miſs?

SABINA.

Love, I thy pow'r defie; no ſecond flame
Shall ever raze my dear *Fidelio*'s name.
Fannia without a tear might loſe her Lord,
Who ne'er enjoy'd his preſence but at board.
And why ſhould ſorrow ſit on *Leſbia*'s face?
Are there ſuch comforts in a ſot's embrace?
No friend, no lover is to *Leſbia* dead,
For *Leſbia* long had known a ſep'rate bed.

Guſh

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Gush forth, ye tears; waste, waste, ye sighs, my breast;
My days, my nights were by *Fidelio* blest!

LUCY.

You cannot sure forget how oft you said
His teazing fondness jealousy betray'd!
When at the play the neighb'ring box he took,
You thought you read suspicion in his look;
When cards and counters flew around the board,
Have you not wish'd the absence of your Lord?
His company was then a poor pretence,
To check the freedoms of a wife's expence!

SABINA.

But why should I *Myrtillo*'s passion blame,
Since Love's a fierce involuntary flame?

LUCY.

Could he the sallies of his heart withstand,
Why should he not to *Chloe* give his hand?
For *Chloe*'s handsome, yet he slights her flame;
Last night she fainted at *Sabina*'s name.
Why, *Daphne*, dost thou blame *Sabina*'s charms?
Sabina keeps no lover from thy arms.
At *Crimp Myrtillo* play'd, in kind regards
Doris dealt love; he only dealt the cards;
Doris was touch'd with spleen; her fan he rent,
Flew from the table, and to tears gave vent.
Why, *Doris*, dost thou curse *Sabina*'s eyes?
To her *Myrtillo* is a vulgar prize.

SABINA.

Yet say, I lov'd; how loud would censure rail!
So soon to quit the duties of the veil!
No, sooner Plays and Op'ras I'd forswear,
And change these *China* jars for *Tunbridge* ware;

Or truſt my mother as a confidant,
Or fix a friendſhip with my maiden aunt?
Than till——to-morrow throw my weeds away.
Yet let me ſee him, if he comes to-day!

THE

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THE

ESPOUSAL.

A SOBER ECLOGUE.

Between two of the People called QUAKERS.

CALEB. TABITHA.

BENEATH the ſhadow of a beaver hat,
Meek *Caleb* at a ſilent meeting ſat;
His eye-balls oft' forgot the holy trance,
While *Tabitha* demure, return'd the glance.
The meeting ended, *Caleb* ſilence broke,
And *Tabitha* her inward yearnings ſpoke.

CALEB.

Beloved, ſee how all things follow love,
Lamb fondleth lamb, and dove diſports with dove?
Yet fondled lambs their innocence ſecure,
And none can call the turtle's bill impure;
O faireſt of our ſiſters, let me be
The billing dove, and fondling lamb to thee.

TABITHA.

But, *Caleb*, know that birds of gentle mind
Elect a mate among the ſober kind,

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Not the mockaws, all deck'd in ſcarlet pride,
Entice their mild and modeſt hearts aſide;
But thou, vain man, beguil'd by Popiſh ſhows,
Doateſt on ribands, flounces, furbelows.
If thy falſe heart be fond of tawdry dyes,
Go, wed the painted arch in ſummer ſkies;
Such love will like the rainbow's hue decay,
Strong at the firſt, but paſſeth ſoon away.

CALEB.

Name not the frailties of my youthful days,
When vice miſ-led me through the harlot's ways;
When I with wanton look the ſex beheld,
And nature with each wanton look rebell'd;
Then parti-colour'd pride my heart might move
With lace; the net to catch unhallow'd love.
All ſuch like love is fading as the flower,
Springs in a day, and withereth in an hour:
But now I feel the ſpouſal love within,
And ſpouſal love no ſiſter holds a ſin.

TABITHA.

I know thou longeſt for the flaunting maid,
Thy falſehood own, and ſay I am betray'd;
The tongue of man is bliſter'd o'er with lies,
But truth is ever read in woman's eyes;
O that my lip obey'd a tongue like thine!
Or that thine eye bewray'd a love like mine!

CALEB.

How bitter are thy words! forbear to teaze,
I too might blame——but love delights to pleaſe.
Why ſhould I tell thee, that when laſt the ſun
Painted the downy peach of *Newington*,
Joſiah led thee through the garden's walk,
And mingled melting kiſſes with his talk?

Ah

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Ah Jealousy! turn, turn thine eyes aside,
How can I see that watch adorn thy side?
For verily no gift the sisters take
For lust of gain, but for the giver's sake.

TABITHA.

I own, *Josiah* gave the golden toy,
Which did the righteous hand of *Quare* employ;
When *Caleb* hath assign'd some happy day,
I look on this and chide the hours delay:
And when *Josiah* would his love pursue,
On this I look and shun his wanton view.
Man but in vain with trinkets tries to move,
The only present love demands is love.

CALEB.

Ah *Tabitha*, to hear these words of thine,
My pulse beats high, as if inflam'd with wine!
When to the brethren first with fervent zeal
The spirit mov'd thy yearnings to reveal,
How did I joy thy trembling lip to see
Red as the cherry from the *Kentish* tree;
When ecstasy had warm'd thy look so meek,
Gardens of roses blushed on thy cheek.
With what sweet transport didst thou roll thine eyes,
How did thy words provoke the brethren's sighs!
Words that with holy sighs might others move,
But, *Tabitha*, my sighs were sighs of love.

TABITHA.

Is *Tabitha* beyond her wishes blest?
Does no proud worldly dame divide thy breast?
Then hear me, *Caleb*, witness what I speak,
This solemn promise death alone can break;
Sooner I would bedeck my brow with lace,
And with immodest fav'rites shade my face,

Sooner like *Babylon*'s lewd whore be dreſt
In flaring di'monds and a ſcarlet veſt,
Or make a curtſie in Cathedral pew,
Than prove inconſtant, while my *Caleb*'s true.

CALEB.

When I prove falſe, and *Tabitha* forſake,
Teachers ſhall dance a jig at country wake;
Brethren unbeaver'd then ſhall bow their head,
And with prophane mince-pies our babes be fed.

TABITHA.

If that *Joſiah* were with paſſion fir'd,
Warm as the zeal of youth when firſt inſpir'd;
In ſteady love though he might perſevere,
Unchanging as the decent garb we wear,
And thou wert fickle as the wind that blows,
Light as the feather on the head of Beaus;
Yet I for thee would all thy ſex reſign,
Siſters, take all the reſt——be *Caleb* mine.

CALEB.

Though I had all that ſinful love affords,
And all the concubines of all the Lords,
Whoſe couches creak with whoredom's ſinful ſhame,
Whoſe velvet chairs are with adult'ry lame;
Ev'n in the harlot's hall, I would not ſip
The dew of lewdneſs from her lying lip;
I'd ſhun her paths, upon thy mouth to dwell,
More ſweet than powder which the merchants ſell;
O ſolace me with kiſſes pure like thine!
Enjoy, ye Lords, the wanton concubine.
The ſpring now calls us forth; come, ſiſter, come,
To ſee the primroſe and the daiſie bloom.
Let ceremony bind the worldly pair,
Siſters eſteem the brethren's words ſincere.

TABITHA.

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TABITHA.

Espousals are but forms. O lead me hence,
For secret love can never give offence.
Then hand in hand the loving mates withdraw.
True love is nature unrestrain'd by law.
This tenet all the holy sect allows;
So *Tabitha* took earnest of a spouse.

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MISCELLANIES.

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TO MY INGENIOUS AND WORTHY FRIEND

WILLIAM LOWNDS, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THAT CELEBRATED TREATISE IN FOLIO, CALLED THE LAND-TAX BILL.

WHEN Poets print their works, the ſcribbling crew
Stick the Bard o'er with Bays, like Chriſtmas pew:
Can meagre Poetry ſuch fame deſerve?
Can Poetry, that only writes to ſtarve?
And ſhall no laurel deck that famous head,
In which the Senate's annual law is bred?
That hoary head, which greater glory fires,
By nobler *ways* and *means* true fame acquires.
O had I *Virgil*'s force to ſing the man,
Whoſe learned lines can millions raiſe *per ann.*
Great *Lownds* his praiſe ſhould ſwell the trump of fame,
And *Rapes* and *Wapentakes* reſound his name.
If the blind Poet gain'd a long renown
By ſinging ev'ry *Grecian* chief and town;
Sure *Lownds* his proſe much greater fame requires,
Which ſweetly counts five thouſand Knights and Squires,
Their ſeats, their cities, pariſhes and ſhires.

Thy

Thy copious Preamble so smoothly runs,
Taxes no more appear like legal duns,
Lords, Knights, and Squires th' Assessor's power obey,
We read with pleasure, though with pain we pay.

Ah why did *C*——— thy works defame!
That author's long harangue betrays his name;
After his speeches can his pen succeed?
Though forc'd to hear, we're not oblig'd to read.

Under what science shall thy works be read?
All know thou wert not Poet born and bred;
Or dost thou boast th' Historian's lasting pen,
Whose annals are the *Acts* of worthy men?
No. Satire is thy talent; and each lash
Makes the rich Miser tremble o'er his cash;
What on the Drunkard can be more severe,
Than direful taxes on his ale and beer?

Ev'n *Button*'s Wits are nought compar'd to thee,
Who ne'er were known or prais'd but o'er his Tea,
While Thou through *Britain*'s distant isle shall spread,
In ev'ry *Hundred* and *Division* read.
Criticks in *Classicks* oft' interpolate,
But ev'ry word of thine is fix'd as Fate.
Some works come forth at morn, but die at night
In blazing fringers round a tallow light;
Some may perhaps to a whole week extend,
Like *S*——— (when unassisted by a friend)
But thou shalt live a year in spite of fate:
And where's your author boasts a longer date?
Poets of old had such a wondrous power,
That with their verses they could raise a tower;
But in thy Prose a greater force is found;
What Poet ever rais'd ten thousand pound?
Cadmus, by sowing dragon's teeth, we read,
Rais'd a vast army from the pois'nous seed.

Thy

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Thy labours, *Lowndſ*, can greater wonders do,
Thou raiſeſt armies, and canſt pay them too.
Truce with thy dreaded pen; thy Annals ceaſe;
Why need we armies when the land's in peace?
Soldiers are perfect devils in their way,
When once they're rais'd, they're curſed hard to lay.

PANTHEA.

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PANTHEA.

AN ELEGY.

LONG had *Panthea* felt Love's ſecret ſmart,
And hope and fear alternate rul'd her heart;
Conſenting glances had her flame confeſt.
(In woman's eyes her very ſoul's expreſt)
Perjur'd *Alexis* ſaw the bluſhing maid,
He ſaw, he ſwore, he conquer'd and betray'd.
Another love now calls him from her arms,
His fickle heart another beauty warms;
Thoſe oaths oft' whiſper'd in *Panthea*'s ears,
He now again to *Galatea* ſwears.
Beneath a beech th' abandon'd virgin laid,
In grateful ſolitude enjoys the ſhade;
There with faint voice ſhe breath'd theſe moving ſtrains,
While ſighing Zephyrs ſhar'd her am'rous pains.

Pale ſettled ſorrow hangs upon my brow,
Dead are my charms; *Alexis* breaks his vow!
Think, think, dear ſhepherd, on the days you knew,
When I was happy, when my ſwain was true;
Think how thy looks and tongue are form'd to move,
And think yet more———that all my fault was love.
Ah, could you view me in this wretched ſtate!
You might not love me, but you could not hate.

Could

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Could you behold me in this conſcious ſhade,
Where firſt thy vows, where firſt my love was paid,
Worn out with watching, ſullen with deſpair,
And ſee each eye ſwell with a guſhing tear?
Could you behold me on this moſſy bed,
From my pale cheek the lively crimſon fled,
Which in my ſofter hours you oft have ſworn,
With roſy beauty far out-bluſh'd the morn;
Could you untouch'd this wretched object bear,
And would not loſt *Panthea* claim a tear?
You could not, ſure——tears from your eyes would
ſteal,
And unawares thy tender ſoul reveal.
Ah, no!——thy ſoul with cruelty is fraught,
No tenderneſs diſturbs thy ſavage thought;
Sooner ſhall tygers ſpare the trembling lambs,
And wolves with pity hear their bleating dams;
Sooner ſhall vultures from their quarry fly,
Than falſe *Alexis* for *Panthea* ſigh.
Thy boſom ne'er a tender thought confeſt,
Sure ſtubborn flint has arm'd thy cruel breaſt;
But hardeſt flints are worn by frequent rains,
And the ſoft drops diſſolve their ſolid veins;
While thy relentleſs heart more hard appears,
And is not ſoften'd by a flood of tears.

Ah, what is love! *Panthea*'s joys are gone,
Her liberty, her peace, her reaſon flown!
And when I view me in the watry glaſs,
I find *Panthea* now, not what ſhe was.
As northern winds the new-blown roſes blaſt,
And on the ground their fading ruins caſt;
As ſudden blights corrupt the ripen'd grain,
And of its verdure ſpoil the mournful plain;

So

So hapleſs love on blooming features preys,
So hapleſs love deſtroys our peaceful days.

Come, gentle ſleep, relieve theſe weary'd eyes,
All ſorrow in thy ſoft embraces dies:
There, ſpite of all thy perjur'd vows, I find
Faithleſs *Alexis* languiſhingly kind;
Sometimes he leads me by the mazy ſtream,
And pleaſingly deludes me in my dream;
Sometimes he guides me to the ſecret grove,
Where all our looks, and all our talk is love.
Oh could I thus conſume each tedious day,
And in ſweet ſlumbers dream my life away;
But ſleep, which now no more relieves theſe eyes,
To my ſad ſoul the dear deceit denies.

Why does the ſun dart forth its chearful rays?
Why do the woods reſound with warbling lays?
Why does the roſe her grateful fragrance yield,
And yellow cowſlips paint the ſmiling field?
Why do the ſtreams with murm'ring muſick flow,
And why do groves their friendly ſhade beſtow?
Let ſable clouds the chearful ſun deface,
Let mournful ſilence ſeize the feather'd race;
No more, ye roſes, grateful fragrance yield,
Droop, droop, ye cowſlips, in the blaſted field;
No more, ye ſtreams, with murm'ring muſick flow,
And let not groves a friendly ſhade beſtow:
With ſympathizing grief let nature mourn,
And never know the youthful ſpring's return:
And ſhall I never more *Alexis* ſee?
Then what is ſpring, or grove, or ſtream to me?

Why ſport the ſkipping lambs on yonder plain?
Why do the birds their tuneful voices ſtrain?
Why friſk thoſe heifers in the cooling grove?
Their happier life is ignorant of love.

Oh!

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Oh! lead me to ſome melancholy cave,
To lull my ſorrows in a living grave;
From the dark rock where daſhing waters fall,
And creeping ivy hangs the craggy wall,
Where I may waſte in tears my hours away,
And never know the ſeaſons or the day.
Die, die, *Panthea*—fly this hateful grove,
For what is life without the ſwain I love?

ARAMINTA.

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ARAMINTA.

AN ELEGY.

NOW *Phœbus* rose, and with his early beams
Wak'd slumb'ring *Delia* from her pleasing dreams;
Her wishes by her fancy were supply'd,
And in her sleep the nuptial knot was ty'd.
With secret joy she saw the morning ray
Chequer the floor, and through the curtains play;
The happy morn that shall her bliss compleat,
And all her rivals envious hopes defeat.
In haste she rose, forgetful of her prayers,
Flew to the glass, and practis'd o'er her airs:
Her new-set jewels round her robe are plac'd,
Some in a brilliant buckle bind her waist,
Some round her neck a circling light display,
Some in her hair diffuse a trembling ray;
The silver knot o'erlooks the *Mechlen* lace,
And adds becoming beauties to her face:
Brocaded flow'rs o'er the gay mantua shine,
And the rich stays her taper shape confine;
Thus all her dress exerts a graceful pride,
And sporting Loves surround th' expecting bride,
For *Daphnis* now attends the blushing maid,
Before the Priest the solemn vows are paid;

This

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This day, which ends at once all *Delia*'s cares,
Shall ſwell a thouſand eyes with ſecret tears.
Ceaſe, *Araminta*, 'tis in vain to grieve,
Canſt thou from *Hymen*'s bonds the youth retrieve?
Diſdain his perj'ries, and no longer mourn:
Recall my love, and find a ſure return.

But ſtill the wretched maid no comfort knows,
And with reſentment cheriſhes her woes;
Alone ſhe pines, and in theſe mournful ſtrains,
Of *Daphnis*' vows, and her own fate complains.

Was it for this I ſparkled at the *Play*,
And loiter'd in the *Ring* whole hours away?
When if thy chariot in the circle ſhone,
Our mutual paſſion by our looks was known:
Through the gay crowd my watchful glances flew,
Where'er I paſs thy grateful eyes purſue.

Ah faithleſs youth! too well you ſaw my pain;
For eyes the language of the ſoul explain.

Think, *Daphnis*, think that ſcarce five days are fled,
Since (O falſe tongue!) thoſe treach'rous things you ſaid;
How did you praiſe my ſhape and graceful air!
And woman thinks all compliments ſincere.
Didſt thou not then in rapture ſpeak thy flame,
And in ſoft ſighs breathe *Araminta*'s name?
Didſt thou not then with oaths thy paſſion prove,
And with an awful trembling, ſay—I love?

Ah faithleſs youth! too well you ſaw my pain;
For eyes the language of the ſoul explain.

How could'ſt thou thus, ungrateful youth, deceive?
How could I thus, unguarded maid, believe?
Sure thou canſt well recall that fatal night,
When ſubtle love firſt enter'd at my ſight:

When

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When in the dance I was thy partner chose,
Gods! what a rapture in my bosom rose!
My trembling hand my sudden joy confess'd,
My glowing cheeks a wounded heart express'd;
My looks spoke love; while you with answ'ring eyes,
In killing glances made as kind replies.
Think, *Daphnis*, think, what tender things you said,
Think what confusion all my soul betray'd;
You call'd my graceful presence *Cynthia*'s air,
And when I sung, the *Syrens* charm'd your ear;
My flame blown up by flatt'ry stronger grew,
A gale of love in ev'ry whisper flew.

Ah faithless youth! too well you saw my pain;
For eyes the language of the soul explain.

Whene'er I dress'd, my maid, who knew my flame,
Cherish'd my passion with thy lovely name;
Thy picture in her talk so lively grew,
That thy dear image rose before my view;
She dwelt whole hours upon thy shape and mien,
And wounded *Delia*'s fame to sooth my spleen:
When she beheld me at the name grow pale,
Straight to thy charms she chang'd her artful tale;
And when thy matchless charms were quite run o'er,
I bid her tell the pleasing tale once more.
Oh, *Daphnis!* from thy *Araminta* fled!
Oh, to my love for ever, ever dead!
Like death, his nuptials all my hope remove,
And ever part me from the man I love.

Ah faithless youth! too well you saw my pain;
For eyes the language of the soul explain.

O might I by my cruel fate be thrown,
In some retreat far from this hateful town!
Vain dress and glaring equipage, adieu!
Let happier nymphs those empty shows pursue,

Me,

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Me, let ſome melancholy ſhade ſurround,
Where not the print of human ſtep is found.
In the gay dance my feet no more ſhall move,
But bear me faintly through the lonely grove;
No more theſe hands ſhall o'er the ſpinnet bound,
And from the ſleeping ſtrings call forth the ſound:
Muſick adieu, farewell *Italian* airs!
The croaking raven now ſhall ſooth my cares.
On ſome old ruin loſt in thought I reſt,
And think how *Araminta* once was bleſt;
There o'er and o'er thy letters I peruſe,
And all my grief in one kind ſentence loſe,
Some tender line by chance my woe beguiles,
And on my cheek a ſhort-liv'd pleaſure ſmiles.
Why is this dawn of joy? flow tears again;
Vain are theſe oaths, and all theſe vows are vain;
Daphnis, alas! the *Gordian* knot has ty'd,
Nor force nor cunning can the band divide.

Ah faithleſs youth! ſince eyes the ſoul explain,
Why knew I not that artful tongue could feign?

AN

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AN

ELEGY ON A LAP-DOG.

SHOCK's fate I mourn; poor *Shock* is now no more,
Ye Muſes mourn, ye charmber-maids deplore.
Unhappy *Shock!* yet more unhappy Fair,
Doom'd to ſurvive thy joy and only care!
Thy wretched fingers now no more ſhall deck,
And tye the fav'rite riband round his neck;
No more thy hand ſhall ſmooth his gloſſy hair,
And comb the wavings of his pendent ear.
Yet ceaſe thy flowing grief, forſaken maid;
All mortal pleaſures in a moment fade:
Our ſureſt hope is in an hour deſtroy'd,
And love, beſt gift of heav'n, not long enjoy'd.
Methinks I ſee her frantick with deſpair,
Her ſtreaming eyes, wrung hands, and flowing hair;
Her *Mechlen* pinners rent the floor beſtrow,
And her torn fan gives real ſigns of woe.
Hence Superſtition, that tormenting gueſt,
That haunts with fancy'd fears the coward breaſt;
No dread events upon this fate attend,
Stream eyes no more, no more thy treſſes rend.
Tho' certain omens oft forewarn a ſtate,
And dying lions ſhow the monarch's fate;
Why ſhould ſuch fears bid *Celia*'s ſorrow riſe?
For when a Lap-dog falls no lover dies.

Ceaſe,

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Ceaſe, *Celia*, ceaſe; reſtrain thy flowing tears,
Some warmer paſſion will diſpel thy cares.
In man you'll find a more ſubſtantial bliſs,
More grateful toying, and a ſweeter kiſs.

He's dead. Oh lay him gently in the ground!
And may his tomb be by this verſe renown'd.
Here Shock, *the pride of all his kind, is laid;*
Who fawn'd like man, but ne'er like man betray'd.

TO

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TO A

YOUNG LADY,

WITH SOME LAMPREYS.

WITH lovers 'twas of old the fashion
By presents to convey their passion;
No matter what the gift they sent,
The Lady saw that love was meant.
Fair *Atalanta*, as a favour,
Took the boar's head her Hero gave her;
Nor could the bristly thing affront her,
'Twas a fit present from a hunter.
When Squires send woodcocks to the dame,
It serves to show their absent flame.
Some by a snip of woven hair,
In posied lockets bribe the fair;
How many mercenary matches
Have sprung from Di'mónd-rings and watches!
But hold —— a ring, a watch, a locket,
Would drain at once a Poet's pocket;

He

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He ſhould ſend ſongs that coſt him nought,
Nor even be prodigal of thought.

Why then ſend Lampreys? fye, for ſhame!
'Twill ſet a virgin's blood on flame.
This to fifteen a proper gift!
It might lend ſixty-five a lift.

I know your maiden Aunt will ſcold,
And think my preſent ſomewhat bold.
I ſee her lift her hands and eyes.

'What eat it, Niece; eat *Spaniſh* flies!
'Lamprey's a moſt immodeſt diet:
'You'll neither wake nor ſleep in quiet.
'Should I to-night eat Sago-cream,
'Twould make me bluſh to tell my dream;
'If I eat Lobſter, 'tis ſo warming,
'That ev'ry man I ſee looks charming;
'Wherefore had not the filthy fellow
'Laid *Rocheſter* upon your pillow?
'I vow and ſwear, I think the preſent
'Had been as modeſt and as decent.

'Who has her virtue in her power?
'Each day has its unguarded hour;
'Always in danger of undoing,
'A prawn, a ſhrimp may prove our ruin!

'The ſhepherdeſs, who lives on ſallad,
'To cool her youth, controuls her palate;
'Should *Dian*'s Maids turn liqu'riſh livers,
'And of huge lamprey's rob the rivers,
'Then all beſide each glade and Viſto,
'You'd ſee Nymphs lying like *Caliſto*.

'The man who meant to heat your blood,
'Needs not himſelf ſuch vicious food——

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In this, I own, your Aunt is clear,
I sent you what I well might spare:
For when I see you, (without joking)
Your eyes, lips, breath are so provoking,
They set my heart more cock-a-hoop,
Than could whole seas of craw-fish soupe.

TO

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TO

A LADY,

ON HER

PASSION FOR OLD CHINA.

WHAT ecstasies her bosom fire!
How her eyes languish with desire!
How blest, how happy should I be,
Were that fond glance bestow'd on me!
New doubts and fears within me war:
What rival's near? a *China* jar.

China's the passion of her soul;
A cup, a plate, a dish, a bowl
Can kindle wishes in her breast,
Inflame with joy, or break her rest.
Some gems collect; some medals prize,
And view the rust with lovers eyes;
Some court the stars at midnight hours;
Some doat on Nature's charms in flowers?
But ev'ry beauty I can trace
In *Laura*'s mind, in *Laura*'s face;
My stars are in this brighter sphere,
My lily and my rose is here.

Philosophers more grave than wise
Hunt science down in butterflies;

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Or fondly poring on a ſpider,
Stretch human contemplation wider;
Foſſils give joy to *Galen*'s ſoul,
He digs for knowledge, like a mole;
In ſhells ſo learn'd, that all agree
No fiſh that ſwims knows more than he!
In ſuch purſuits if wiſdom lies,
Who, *Laura*, ſhall thy taſte deſpiſe?

When I ſome antique Jar behold,
Or white, or blue, or ſpeck'd with gold,
Veſſels ſo pure, and ſo refin'd,
Appear the types of woman-kind:
Are they not valu'd for their beauty,
Too fair, too fine for houſhold duty?
With flowers and gold and azure dy'd,
Of ev'ry houſe the grace and pride?
How white, how poliſh'd is their ſkin,
And valu'd moſt when only ſeen!
She who before was higheſt prin'd,
Is for a crack or flaw deſpis'd;
I grant they're frail, yet they're ſo rare,
The treaſure cannot coſt too dear!
But man is made of coarſer ſtuff,
And ſerves convenience well enough;
He's a ſtrong earthen veſſel made,
For drudging, labour, toil and trade:
And when wives loſe their other ſelf,
With eaſe they bear the loſs of *Delf*.

Husbands more covetous than ſage
Condemn this *China*-buying rage;
They count that woman's prudence little,
Who ſets her heart on things ſo brittle.
But are thoſe wiſe-men's inclinations
Fixt on more ſtrong, more ſure foundations?

If

If all that's frail we must despise,
No human view or scheme is wise.
Are not Ambition's hopes as weak?
They swell like bubbles, shine and break.
A Courtier's promise is so slight,
'Tis made at noon, and broke at night.
What pleasure's sure? The Miss you keep
Breaks both your fortune and your sleep.
The man who loves a country life,
Breaks all the comforts of his wife;
And if he quit his farm and plough,
His wife in town may break her vow.
Love, *Laura*, love, while youth is warm,
For each new winter breaks a charm;
And woman's not like *China* sold,
But cheaper grows in growing old;
Then quickly choose the prudent part,
Or else you break a faithful heart.

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PROLOGUE.

Design'd for the Pastoral Tragedy of DIONE.

THERE was a time (O were those days renew'd!)
Ere tyrant laws had woman's will subdu'd;
Then nature rul'd, and love, devoid of art,
Spoke the consenting language of the heart.
Love uncontroul'd! insipid, poor delight!
'Tis the restraint that whets our appetite.
Behold the beasts who range the forests free,
Behold the birds who fly from tree to tree;
In their amours see nature's power appear!
And do they love? Yes—One month in the year.
Were these the pleasures of the golden reign?
And did free nature thus instruct the swain?
I envy not, ye nymphs, your am'rous bowers:
Such harmless swains!—I'm even content with ours.
But yet there's something in these sylvan scenes
That tells our fancy what the lover means;
Name but the mossy bank, and moon-light grove,
Is there a heart that does not beat with love?

To-night we treat you with such country fare,
Then for your lover's sake our author spare.
He draws no *Hemskirk* boors, or home-bred clowns,
But the soft shepherds of *Arcadia*'s downs.

When *Paris* on the three his judgment pass'd;
I hope, you'll own the shepherd show'd his taste:

And

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And *Jove*, all know, was a good judge of beauty,
Who made the nymph *Calisto* break her duty;
Then was the country nymph no aukward thing.
See what strange revolutions time can bring!

Yet still methinks our author's fate I dread,
Were it not safer beaten paths to tread
Of Tragedy; than o'er wide heaths to stray,
And seeking strange adventures lose his way?
No trumpet's clangor makes his Heroine start,
And tears the soldier from her bleeding heart;
He, foolish bard! nor pomp nor show regards.
Without the witness of a hundred guards
His lovers sigh their vows.—If sleep should take ye,
He has no battle, no loud drum to wake ye.
What, no such shifts? there's danger in't, 'tis true;
Yet spare him, as he gives you something new.

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SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO BLACK-EY'D SUSAN.

A BALLAD.

I.

ALL in the *Downs* the fleet was moor'd,
The ſtreamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd *Suſan* came aboard.
Oh! where ſhall I my true love find!
Tell me, ye jovial ſailors, tell me true,
If my ſweet *William* ſails among the crew.

II.

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He ſigh'd and caſt his eyes below:
The cord ſlides ſwiftly through his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he ſtands.

III.

So the ſweet lark, high-pois'd in air,
Shuts cloſe his pinions to his breaſt,
(If, chance, his mate's ſhrill call he hear)
And drops at once into her neſt.

The

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The nobleſt Captain in the *Britiſh* fleet,
Might envy *William*'s lip thoſe kiſſes ſweet.

IV.

O *Suſan*, *Suſan*, lovely dear,
My vows ſhall ever true remain;
Let me kiſs off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye liſt, ye winds; my heart ſhall be
The faithful compaſs that ſtill points to thee.

V.

Believe not what the landmen ſay,
Who tempt with doubts thy conſtant mind:
They'll tell thee, ſailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a miſtreſs find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee ſo,
For thou art preſent wherefoe'er I go.

VI.

If to fair *India*'s coaſt we ſail,
Thy eyes are ſeen in di'monds bright,
Thy breath is *Africk*'s ſpicy gale,
Thy ſkin is ivory, ſo white.
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my ſoul ſome charm of lovely *Sue*.

VII.

Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty *Suſan* mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet ſafe from harms,
William ſhall to his dear return.
Love turns aſide the balls that round me fly,
Leſt precious tears ſhould drop from *Suſan*'s eye.

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VIII.

The boatſwain gave the dreadful word,
The ſails their ſwelling boſom ſpread,
No longer muſt ſhe ſtay aboard:
They kiſs'd, ſhe ſigh'd, he hung his head;
Her leſs'ning boat unwilling rows to land:
Adieu! ſhe cries; and wav'd her lily hand.

THE

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THE LADY'S LAMENTATION.

A BALLAD.

I.

PHYLLIDA, that lov'd to dream
In the grove, or by the ſtream;
Sigh'd on velvet pillow.
What, alas! ſhould fill her head
But a fountain or a mead,
Water and a willow?

II.

Love in cities never dwells,
He delights in rural cells
Which ſweet woodbine covers.
What are your *Aſſemblies* then?
There, 'tis true, we ſee more men;
But much fewer lovers.

III.

Oh, how chang'd the proſpect grows!
Flocks and herds to Fops and Beaus,
Coxcombs without number!
Moon and ſtars that ſhone ſo bright,
To the torch and waxen light,
And whole nights at *Ombre*.

IV.

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IV.

Pleasant as it is, to hear
Scandal tickling in our ear,
Ev'n of our own mothers;
In the chit-chat of the day,
To us is pay'd, when we're away,
What we lent to others.

V.

Though the fav'rite *Toast* I reign;
Wine, they say, that prompts the vain,
Heightens defamation.
Must I live 'twixt spite and fear,
Ev'ry day grow handsomer,
And lose my reputation?

VI.

Thus the fair to sighs gave way,
Her empty purse beside her lay.
Nymph, ah cease thy sorrow.
Though curst fortune frown to-night:
This odious town can give delight
If you win to-morrow.

DAMON

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DAMON AND CUPID.

A SONG.

I.

THE ſun was now withdrawn,
The ſhepherds home were ſped;
The moon wide o'er the lawn
Her ſilver mantle ſpread;
When *Damon* ſtay'd behind,
And ſaunter'd in the grove.
Will ne'er a nymph be kind,
And give me love for love

II.

Oh! thoſe were golden hours,
When love, devoid of cares,
In all *Arcadia*'s bow'rs
Lodg'd ſwains and nymphs by pairs:
But now from wood and plain
Flies ev'ry ſprightly laſs,
No joys for me remain,
In ſhades, or on the graſs.

III.

The winged boy draws near,
And thus the ſwain reproves.
While beauty revell'd here,
My game lay in the groves;

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At Court I never fail
  To ſcatter round my arrows,
Men fall as thick as hail;
  And maidens love like ſparrows.

IV.

Then ſwain, if me you need,
  Straight lay your ſheep-hook down;
Throw by your oaten reed,
  And haſte away to town.
So well I'm known at Court,
  None aſks where Cupid dwells
But readily reſort
  To *B*——*n's* or *L*——*ll's*.

DAPHNIS

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DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

A SONG.

I.

DAPHNIS ſtood penſive in the ſhade,
With arms acroſs, and head reclin'd;
Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
And ſighs relev'd his love-ſick mind:
His tuneful pipe all broken lay,
Looks, ſighs, and actions ſeem'd to ſay,
My *Chloe* is unkind.

II.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats?
Ye larks, ye linnets, ceaſe your ſtrains;
I faintly hear in your ſweet notes,
My *Chloe*'s voice that wakes my pains:
Yet why ſhould you your ſong forbear?
Your mates delight your ſong to hear,
But *Chloe* mine diſdains.

III.

As thus he melancholy ſtood,
Dejected as the lonely dove,
Sweet ſounds broke gently through the wood.
I feel the ſound; my heart-ſtrings move.
'Twas not the nightingale that ſung;
No. 'Tis my *Chloe*'s ſweeter tongue.
Hark, hark, what ſays my love!

IV.

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IV.

How fooilſh is the nymph (ſhe cries)
Who trifles with her lover's pain!
Nature ſtill ſpeaks in woman's eyes,
Our artful lips were made to feign.
O *Daphnis*, *Daphnis*, 'twas my pride,
'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd,
Come back, dear youth, again.

V.

As t'other day my hand he ſeiz'd,
My blood with thrilling motion flew;
Sudden I put on looks diſpleas'd,
And haſty from his hold withdrew.
'Twas fear alone, thou ſimple ſwain,
Then hadſt thou preſt my hand again,
My heart had yielded too!

VI.

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
That ſwell'd thy lip and roſy cheek;
Think not thy ſkill in ſong defam'd,
That lip ſhould other pleaſures ſeek:
Much, much thy muſick I approve;
Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,
Much more to hear thee ſpeak.

VII.

My heart forebodes that I'm betray'd,
Daphnis I fear is ever gone;
Laſt night with *Delia*'s dog he play'd,
Love by ſuch trifles firſt comes on.
Now, now, dear ſhepherd, come away,
My tongue would now my heart obey.
Ah *Chloe*, thou art won!

VIII.

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VIII.

The youth ſtep'd forth with haſty pace,
And found where wiſhing *Chloe* lay;
Shame ſudden lighten'd in her face,
Confus'd, ſhe knew not what to ſay.
At laſt in broken words, ſhe cry'd;
To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
But I am loſt to-day!

THE

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THE COQUET MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

A SONG.

I.

AT the close of the day,
When the bean-flow'r and hay
Breath'd odours in every wind:
Love enliven'd the veins
Of the damsels and swains;
Each glance and each action was kind.

II.

Molly, wanton and free,
Kiss'd, and sat on each knee,
Fond ecstasy swam in her eyes.
See, thy mother is near,
Hark? she calls thee to hear
What age and experience advise.

III.

Hast thou seen the blithe dove
Stretch her neck to her love,
All glossy with purple and gold?
If a kiss he obtain,
She returns it again:
What follows, you need not be told.

IV.

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IV.

Look ye, mother, ſhe cry'd,
You inſtruct me in pride,
And men by good manners are won.
She who trifles with all
Is leſs likely to fall
Than ſhe who but trifles with one.

V.

Prithee, *Molly*, be wiſe,
Leſt by ſudden ſurprize
Love ſhould tingle in ev'ry vein:
Take a ſhepherd for life,
And when once you're a wife,
You ſafely may trifle again.

VI.

Molly ſmiling reply'd,
Then I'll ſoon be a bride;
Old *Roger* has gold in his cheſt.
But I thought all you wives
Choſe a man for your lives,
And trifled no more with the reſt.

A CON-

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A

CONTEMPLATION

ON

NIGHT.

WHETHER amid the gloom of night I ſtray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still Nature's various face informs my ſenſe,
Of an all-wiſe, all-powerful Providence.

When the gay ſun firſt breaks the ſhades of night,
And ſtrikes the diſtant eaſtern hills with light,
Colour returns, the plains their liv'ry wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the ſmiling year;
The blooming flow'rs with op'ning beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces ſhow,
The barren cliffs with chalky fronts ariſe,
And a pure azure arches o'er the ſkies.
But when the gloomy reign of night returns,
Stript of her fading pride all nature mourns:
The trees no more their wonted verdure boaſt,
But weep in dewy tears their beauty loſt;

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No diſtant landſkips draw our curious eyes,
Wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies.
Yet ſtill, even now, while darkneſs clothes the land,
We view the traces of th' almighty hand;
Millions of ſtars in heaven's wide vault appear,
And with new glories hang the boundleſs ſphere:
The ſilver moon her weſtern couch forſakes,
And o'er the ſkies her nightly circle makes,
Her ſolid globe beats back the ſunny rays,
And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whether thoſe ſtars that twinkling luſtre ſend,
Are ſuns, and rolling worlds thoſe ſuns attend,
Man may conjecture, and new ſchemes declare,
Yet all his ſyſtems but conjectures are;
But this we know, that heav'ns eternal King,
Who bid this univerſe from nothing ſpring,
Can at his *Word* bid num'rous worlds appear,
And riſing worlds th' all-pow'rful *Word* ſhall hear.

When to the weſtern main the ſun deſcends,
To other lands a riſing day he lends,
The ſpreading dawn another ſhepherd ſpies,
The wakeful flocks from their warm folds ariſe;
Refreſh'd, the peaſant ſeeks his early toil,
And bids the plough correct the fallow ſoil.
While we in ſleep's embraces waſte the night,
The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light:
And when thoſe lands the buſy ſun forſakes,
With us again the roſy morning wakes;
In lazy ſleep the night rolls ſwift away,
And neither clime laments his abſent ray.

When the pure ſoul is from the body flown,
No more ſhall night's alternate reign be known:

The

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The ſun no more ſhall rolling light beſtow,
But from th' Almighty ſtreams of glory flow.
Oh, may ſome nobler thought my ſoul employ,
Than empty, tranſient, ſublunary joy!
The ſtars ſhall drop, the ſun ſhall loſe his flame,
But thou, O God, for ever ſhine the ſame.

A THOUGHT

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A THOUGHT

ON

ETERNITY.

ERE the foundations of the world were laid,
Ere kindling light th' Almighty word obey'd,
Thou wert; and when the ſubterraneous flame
Shall burſt its priſon, and devour this frame,
From angry heaven when the keen lightning flies,
When fervent heat diſſolves the melting ſkies,
Thou ſtill ſhalt be; ſtill as thou wert before,
And know no change, when time ſhall be no more.
O endleſs thought! divine eternity!
Th' immortal ſoul ſhares but a part of thee;
For thou wert preſent when our life began,
When the warm duſt ſhot up in breathing man.
Ah! what is life? with ills encompaſs'd round,
Amidſt our hopes, Fate ſtrikes the ſudden wound:
To-day the ſtateſman of new honour dreams,
To-morrow death deſtroys his airy ſchemes;
Is mouldy treaſure in thy cheſt confin'd?
Think all that treaſure thou muſt leave behind;
Thy heir with ſmiles ſhall view thy blazon'd herſe,
And all thy hoards with laviſh hand diſperſe.
Should certain fate th' impending blow delay,
Thy mirth will ſicken and thy bloom decay;

Then

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Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.
Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,
To suffer life beyond the date of man?

The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,
And life regards but as a fleeting dream:
She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,
To launch from earth into eternity.
For while the boundless theme extends our thought,
Ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought.

MY OWN EPITAPH.

LIFE is a jest, and all things show it,
thought so once but now I know it.

DIONE

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DIONE.

A

PASTORAL TRAGEDY.

——Sunt numina amanti,
Sævit et injustâ lege relicta Venus.
TIBULL. Eleg. v. Lib. I.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Evander under the name of *Lycidas*.
Cleanthes.
Shepherds.

WOMEN.

Dione under the name of *Alexis*.
Parthenia.
Laura.

Scene *ARCADIA*.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

A Plain at the foot of a steep craggy Mountain.

DIONE, LAURA.

LAURA.

WHY dost thou fly me? stay, unhappy fair,
Seek not these horrid caverns of despair;
To trace thy steps the midnight air I bore,
Trod the brown desart, and unshelter'd moor:
Three times the lark has sung his matin lay,
And rose on dewy wing to meet the day,
Since first I found thee, stretch'd in pensive mood,
Where laurels border *Ladon*'s silver flood.

DIONE.

O let my soul with grateful thanks o'erflow!
'Tis to thy hand my daily life I owe.
Like the weak lamb you rais'd me from the plain,
Too faint to bear bleak winds and beating rain;
Each day I share thy bowl and clean repast,
Each night thy roof defends the chilly blast.
But vain is all thy friendship, vain thy care:
Forget a wretch abandon'd to despair.

LAURA.

Despair will fly thee, when thou shalt impart
The fatal secret that torments thy heart;

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ſcloſe thy ſorrows to my faithful ear,
ſtruct theſe eyes to give thee tear for tear.
ove, love's the cauſe; our foreſts ſpeak thy flame,
he rocks have learnt to ſigh *Evander*'s name.
faultering ſhame thy baſhful tongue reſtrain,
thou haſt look'd, and bluſh'd, and ſigh'd in vain;
ay, in what grove thy lovely ſhepherd ſtrays,
ell me what mountains warble with his lays;
hither I'll ſpeed me, and with moving art
raw ſoft confeſſions from his melting heart.

DIONE.

hy gen'rous care has touch'd my ſecret woe.
ove bids theſe ſcalding tears inceſſant flow,
l-fated love! O ſay, ye ſylvan maids,
Who range wide foreſts, and ſequeſter'd ſhades,
ay, where *Evander* bled, point out the ground
hat yet is purple with the ſavage wound.
onder he lies; I hear the bird of prey;
igh o'er thoſe cliffs the raven wings his way;
ark how he croaks! he ſcents the murder near.
) may no greedy beak his viſage tear!
hield him, ye *Cupids*; ſtrip the *Paphian* grove,
And ſtrow unfading myrtle o'er my love!
Down, heaving heart.

LAURA.

——— The mournful tale diſcloſe.

DIONE.

Let not my tears intrude on thy repoſe.
Yet if thy friendſhip ſtill the cauſe requeſt;
I'll ſpeak, tho' ſorrow rend my lab'ring breaſt.
Know then, fair ſhepherdeſs, no honeſt ſwain
Taught me the duties of the peaceful plain;

Unus'd

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Unus'd to sweet content, no flocks I keep,
Nor browzing goats that overhang the steep.
Born where *Orthomenos'* proud turrets shine,
I trace my birth from long illustrious line.
Why was I train'd amidst *Arcadia*'s court?
Love ever revels in that gay resort.
Whene'er *Evander* past, my smitten heart
Heav'd frequent sighs, and felt unusual smart.
Ah! hadst thou seen with what sweet grace he mov'd!
Yet why that wish? for *Laura* then had luv'd.

LAURA.

Distrust me not; thy secret wrongs impart.

DIONE.

Forgive the sallies of a breaking heart.
Evander's sighs his mutual flame confest,
The growing passion labour'd in his breast;
To me he came; my heart with rapture sprung,
To see the blushes, when his faultering tongue
First said, I love. My eyes consent reveal,
And plighted vows our faithful passion seal.
Where's now the lovely youth? he's lost, he's slain,
And the pale corse lies breathless on the plain!

LAURA.

Are thus the hopes of constant lovers paid?
If thus——ye Powers, from love defend the maid!

DIONE.

Now have twelve mornings warm'd the purpled east,
Since my dear hunter rous'd the tusky beast;
Swift flew the foaming monster through the wood,
Swift as the wind, his eager steps pursu'd:
'Twas then the savage turn'd; then fell the youth,
And his dear blood distain'd the barb'rous tooth.

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LAURA.

Was there none near? no ready ſuccour found?
Nor healing herb to ſtaunch the ſpouting wound?

DIONE.

In vain through pathleſs woods the hunters croſt,
And ſought with anxious eye their maſter loſt;
In vain their frequent hollows echo'd ſhrill,
And his lov'd name was ſent from hill to hill;
Evander hears you not. He's loſt, he's ſlain,
And the pale corſe lies breathleſs on the plain.

LAURA.

Has yet no clown (who, wand'ring from the way,
Beats ev'ry buſh to raiſe the lamb aſtray)
Obſerv'd the fatal ſpot?

DIONE.

———O, if ye paſs
Where purple murder dies the wither'd graſs,
With pious finger gently cloſe his eyes,
And let his grave with decent verdure riſe. [*Weeps.*

LAURA.

Behold the turtle who has loſt her mate;
Awhile with drooping wing ſhe mourns his fate,
Sullen, awhile ſhe ſeeks the darkeſt grove,
And cooing meditates the murder'd dove;
But time the rueful image wears away,
Again ſhe's chear'd, again ſhe ſeeks the day.
Spare then thy beauty, and no longer pine.

DIONE.

Yet ſure ſome turtle's love has equall'd mine,
Who, when the hawk has ſnatcht her mate away,
Hath never known the glad return of day.

When

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When my fond father saw my faded eye,
And on my livid cheek the roses die;
When catching sighs my wasted bosom mov'd,
My looks, my sighs confirm'd him that I lov'd.
He knew not that *Evander* was my flame,
Evander dead! my passion still the same!
He came, he threaten'd; with paternal sway
Cleanthes nam'd, and fix'd the nuptial day:
O cruel kindness! too severely prest!
I scorn his honours, and his wealth detest.

LAURA.

How vain is force! Love ne'er can be compell'd.

DIONE.

Though bound by duty, yet my heart rebell'd.
One night, when sleep had hush'd all busy spies,
And the pale moon had journey'd half the skies,
Softly I rose and dress'd; with silent tread,
Unbarr'd the gates, and to those mountains fled.
Here let me sooth the melancholy hours!
Close me, ye woods, within your twilight bow'rs!
Where my calm soul may settled sorrow know,
And no *Cleanthes* interrupt my woe

[*Melancholy musick is heard at a distance.*

With importuning love——On yonder plain
Advances slow a melancholy train;
Black Cypress boughs their drooping heads adorn.

LAURA.

Alas! *Menalcas* to his grave is born.
Behold the victim of *Parthenia*'s pride!
He saw, he sigh'd, he lov'd, was scorn'd and dy'd.

DIONE.

Where dwells this beauteous tyrant of the plains?
Where may I see her?

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LAURINA.

——Ask the sighing swains.
They best can speak the conquests of her eyes.
Whoever sees her, loves; who loves her, dies.

DIONE.

Perhaps untimely fate her flame hath cross'd,
And she, like me, hath her *Beauty* lost.
How my soul pities her!

LAURA.

——If pity move
Your generous bosom, pity those who love.
There late arriv'd among our sylvan race
A stranger shepherd, who with lonely pace
Visits those mountain pines at dawn of day,
Where oft' *Parthenia* takes her early way
To rouse the chase; mad with his am'rous pain,
He stops and raves; then sullen walks again.
Parthenia's name is born by passing gales,
And talking hills repeat it to the dales.
Come, let us from this vale of sorrow go,
Nor let the mournful scene prolong thy woe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

† SCENE II.

Shepherds and Shepherdesses, (crown'd with garlands of Cypress and Yew) bearing the body of MENALCAS.

1 SHEPHERD.

Here gently rest the corse — With faulˈring breath
Thus speak *Menalcas* on the verge of death.
' Belov'd *Palemon*, hear a dying friend;
' See, where yon hills with craggy brows ascend,
' Low in the valley where the mountain grows,
' There first I saw her, there began my woes.
' When I am cold, may there this clay be laid;
' There often strays the dear, the cruel maid,
' There as she walks, perhaps you'll hear her say,
' (While a kind gushing tear shall force its way)
' How could my stubborn heart relentless prove?
' Ah poor *Menalcas*—all thy fault was love!'

2 SHEPHERD.

When pitying lions o'er a carcase groan,
And hungry tigers bleeding kids bemoan;
When the lean wolf laments the mangled sheep;
Then shall *Parthenia* o'er *Menalcas* weep.

1 SHEPHERD.

When famish'd panthers seek their morning food,
And monsters roar along the desart wood;

† This and the following Scene are form'd upon the novel of *Marcella* in *Don Quixote*.

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When hiſſing vipers ruſtle through the break,
Or in the path-way rears the ſpeckled ſnake;
The wary ſwain th' approaching peril ſpies,
And through ſome diſtant road ſecurely flies.
Fly then, ye ſwains, from beauty's ſurer wound.
Such was the fate our poor *Menalcas* found!

2 SHEPHERD.

What ſhepherd does not mourn *Menalcas* ſlain?
Kill'd by a barbarous woman's proud diſdain!
Whoe'er attempts to bend her ſcornful mind;
Cries to the deſarts, and purſues the wind.

1 SHEPHERD.

With ev'ry grace *Menalcas* was endow'd,
His merits dazled all the ſylvan crowd.
If you would know his pipe's melodious ſound,
Aſk all the echoes of theſe hills around,
For they have learnt his ſtrains; who ſhall rehearſe
The ſtrength, the cadence of his tuneful verſe?
Go, read thoſe lofty poplars; there you'll find
Some tender ſonnet grow on ev'ry rind.

2 SHEPHERD.

Yet what avails his ſkill? *Parthenia* flies.
Can merit hope ſucceſs in woman's eyes?

1 SHEPHERD.

Why was *Parthenia* form'd of ſofteſt mould?
Why does her heart ſuch ſavage nature hold?
O ye kind gods! or all her charms efface,
Or tame her heart——ſo ſpare the ſhepherd race.

2 SHEPHERD.

As fade the flowers which on the grave I caſt;
So may *Parthenia*'s tranſient beauty waſte!

1 SHEPHERD.

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1 SHEPHERD.

What woman ever counts the fleeting years,
Or ſees the wrinkle which her forehead wears?
Thinking her feature never ſhall decay,
This ſwain ſhe ſcorns, from that ſhe turns away.
But know, as when the roſe her bud unfolds,
A while each breaſt the ſhort-liv'd fragrance holds;
When the dry ſtalk lets drop her ſhrivell'd pride,
The lovely ruin's ever thrown aſide.
So ſhall *Parthenia* be.

2 SHEPHERD.

———See, ſhe appears,
To boaſt her ſpoils, and triumph in our tears.

SCENE III.

Parthenia *appears from the mountain.*

PARTHENIA, SHEPHERDS.

1 SHEPHERD.

Why this way doſt thou turn thy baneful eyes,
Pernicious Baſiliſk? Lo! there he lies,
There lies the youth thy curſed beauty ſlew;
See, at thy preſence, how he bleeds anew!
Look down, enjoy thy murder.

PARTHENIA.

———Spare my fame;
I come to clear a virgin's injur'd name.
If I'm a Baſiliſk, the danger fly,
Shun the ſwift glances of my venom'd eye:

If

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If I'm a murd'rer, why approach ye near,
And to the dagger lay your bosom bare?

1 SHEPHERD.

What heart is proof against that face divine?
Love is not in our power.

PARTHENIA.

———Is love in mine?
If e'er I trifled with a shepherd's pain,
Or with false hope his passion strove to gain;
Then might you justly curse my savage mind,
Then might you rank me with the serpent kind:
But I ne'er trifled with a shepherd's pain,
Nor with false hope his passion strove to gain;
'Tis to his rash pursuit he owes his fate,
I was not cruel; he was obstinate.

1 SHEPHERD.

Hear this, ye sighing shepherds, and despair.
Unhappy *Lycidas*, thy hour is near!
Since the same barb'rous hand hath sign'd thy doom,
We'll lay thee in our lov'd *Menalcas'* tomb.

PARTHENIA.

Why will intruding man my peace destroy?
Let me content and solitude enjoy;
Free was I born; my freedom to maintain,
Early I sought the unambitious plain.
Most women's weak resolves, like reeds, will ply,
Shake with each breath, and bend with ev'ry sigh;
Mine, like an oak, whose firm roots deep descend,
Nor breath of love can shake, nor sigh can bend.
If ye unhappy *Lycidas* would save;
Go seek him, lead him to *Menalcas'* grave;
Forbid his eyes with flowing grief to rain,
Like him *Menalcas* wept, but wept in vain;

Bid

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Bid him his heart-consuming groans give o'er:
Tell him, I heard such piercing groans before,
And heard unmov'd. O *Lycidas*, be wise,
Prevent thy fate.———Lo! there *Menalcas* lies.

1 SHEPHERD.

Now all the melancholy rites are paid,
And o'er his grave the weeping marble laid;
Let's seek our charge; the flocks dispersing wide,
Whiten with moving fleece the mountain's side.
Trust not, ye swains, the lightning of her eye,
Lest ye like him, should love, despair, and die.

[*Exeunt* Shepherds, *&c.* Parthenia *remains in a melancholy posture, looking on the grave of* Menalcas.

Enter Lycidas.

SCENE IV.

LYCIDAS, PARTHENIA.

LYCIDAS.

When shall my steps have rest? through all the wood,
And by the winding banks of *Ladon*'s flood
I sought my love. O say, ye skipping fawns,
(Who range entangled shades and daisy'd lawns)
If ye have seen her! say, ye warbling race,
(Who measure on swift wing th' aerial space,
And view below hills, dales, and distant shores)
Where shall I find her whom my soul adores!

SCENE

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SCENE V.

LYCIDAS, PARTHENIA, DIONE, LAURA.

[Dione *and* Laura *at a distance.*

LYCIDAS.

What do I see? no. Fancy mocks my eyes,
And bids the dear deluding vision rise.
'Tis she. My springing heart her presence feels.
See, prostrate *Lycidas* before thee kneels.

[*Kneeling to* Parthenia.

Why will *Parthenia* turn her face away?

PARTHENIA.

Who calls *Parthenia*? hah!

[*She starts from her melancholy; and seeing* Lycidas, *flies into the wood.*

LYCIDAS.

———Stay, virgin, stay.
O wing my feet, kind Love. See, see, she bounds,
Fleet as the mountain roe, when prest by hounds.

[*He pursues her.* Dione *faints in the arms of* Laura.

LAURA.

What means this trembling? all her colour flies,
And life is quite unstrung. Ah! lift thy eyes,
And answer me; speak, speak, 'tis *Laura* calls.
Speech has forsook her lips.—She faints, she falls.
Fan her, ye Zephyrs, with your balmy breath,
And bring her quickly from the shades of death:
Blow ye cool gales. See, see, the forest shakes
With coming winds! she breathes, she moves, she wakes.

DIONE.

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DIONE.

Ah false *Evander!*

LAURA.

———Calm thy sobbing breast.
Say, what new sorrow has thy heart oppreſt?

DIONE.

Didſt thou not hear his ſighs and ſuppliant tone?
Didſt thou not hear the pitying mountain groan?
Didſt thou not ſee him bend his ſuppliant knee?
Thus in my happy days he knelt to me,
And pour'd forth all his ſoul! ſee how he ſtrains,
And leſſens to the ſight o'er yonder plains,
To keep the fair in view! run, virgin, run,
Hear not his vows; I heard, and was undone!

LAURA.

Let not imaginary terrors fright.
Some dark deluſion ſwims before thy ſight.
I ſaw *Parthenia* from the mountain's brow,
And *Lycidas* with proſtrate duty bow;
Swift, as the falcon's wing, I ſaw her fly,
And heard the cavern to his groans reply.
Why ſtream thy tears for ſorrows not thy own?

DIONE.

Oh! Where are honour, faith, and juſtice flown?
Perjur'd *Evander!*

LAURA.

———Death has laid him low.
Touch not the mournful ſtring that wakes thy woe.

DIONE.

That am'rous ſwain, whom *Lycidas* you name,
(Whoſe faithleſs boſom feels another flame)
Is my once kind *Evander*—yes—'twas he.
He lives—but lives, alas! no more for me.

LAURA.

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LAURA.

Let not thy frantick words confess despair.

DIONE.

What, know I not his voice, his mien, his air?
Yes, I that treach'rous voice with joy believ'd,
That voice, that mien, that air my soul deceiv'd.
If my dear shepherd loves the lawns and glades,
With him I'll range the lawns and seek the shades,
With him through solitary desarts rove.
But could he leave me for another love?
O base ingratitude!

LAURA.

——Suspend thy grief,
And let my friendly counsel bring relief
To thy desponding soul. *Parthenia*'s ear
Is barr'd for ever to the lover's prayer;
Evander courts disdain, he follows scorn,
And in the passing winds his vows are born.
Soon will he find that all in vain he strove
To tame her bosom; then his former love
Shall wake his soul; then will he sighing blame
His heart inconstant and his perjur'd flame:
Then shall he at *Dione*'s feet implore,
Lament his broken faith, and change no more.

DIONE.

Perhaps this cruel nymph well knows to feign
Forbidding speech, coy looks, and cold disdain,
To raise his passion. Such are female arts,
To hold in safer snares inconstant hearts!

LAURA.

Parthenia's breast is steel'd with real scorn

DIONE.

And dost thou think *Evander* will return?

LAURA.

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LAURA.

Forego thy sex, lay all thy robes aside,
Strip off these ornaments of female pride;
The shepherd's vest must hide thy graceful air,
With the bold manly step a swain appear;
Then with *Evander* may'st thou rove unknown,
Then let thy tender eloquence be shown;
Then the new fury of his heart controul,
And with *Dione*'s sufferings touch his soul.

DIONE.

Sweet as refreshing dews, or summer showers
To the long parching thirst of drooping flowers;
Grateful as fanning gales to fainting swains,
And soft as trickling balm to bleeding pains,
Such are thy words. The sex shall be resign'd,
No more shall braided gold these tresses bind;
The shepherd's garb the woman shall disguise;
If he has lost all love, may friendship's tyes
Unite me to his heart!

LAURA.

——————Go, prosp'rous maid,
May smiling love thy faithful wishes aid.
Be now *Alexis* call'd. With thee I'll rove,
And watch thy wand'rer through the mazy grove;
Let me be honour'd with a sister's name;
For thee, I feel a more than sister's flame.

DIONE.

Perhaps my shepherd has outstript her haste.
Think'st thou, when out of sight, she flew so fast!
One sudden glance might turn her savage mind;
May she like *Daphne* fly, nor look behind,
Maintain her scorn, his eager flame despise,
Nor view *Evander* with *Dione*'s eyes!

ACT

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ACT II. SCENE I.

Lycidas *lying on the grave of* Menalcas.

LYCIDAS.

WHEN shall these scalding fountains cease to flow?
How long will life sustain this load of woe?
Why glows the morn? roll back, thou source of light,
And feed my sorrows with eternal night.
Come, sable Death! give, give the welcome stroke;
The raven calls thee from yon' blasted oak.
What pious care my ghastful lid shall close?
What decent hand my frozen limbs compose?
O happy shepherd, free from anxious pains,
Who now art wandring in the sighing plains
Of blest *Elysium*; where in myrtle groves
Enamour'd ghosts bemoan their former loves.
Open thou silent grave; for lo! I come
To meet *Menalcas* in the fragrant gloom;
There shall my bosom burn with friendship's flame,
The same our passion, and our fate the same;
There, like two nightingales on neighb'ring boughs,
Alternate strains shall mourn our frustrate vows.
But if cold Death should close *Parthenia*'s eye,
And should her beauteous form come gliding by;
Friendship would soon in jealous fear be lost,
And kindling hate pursue thy rival ghost.

SCENE

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SCENE II.

LYCIDAS, DIONE *in a shepherd's habit.*

LYCIDAS.

Hah! who comes here? turn hence, be timely wise;
Trust not thy safety to *Parthenia*'s eyes.
As from the bearing faulcon flies the dove,
So, wing'd with fear, *Parthenia* flies from love.

DIONE.

If in these vales the fatal beauty stray,
From the cold marble rise; let's haste away.
Why lye you panting, like the smitten deer?
Trust not the dangers which you bid me fear.

LYCIDAS.

Bid the lur'd lark, whom tangling nets surprise,
On soaring pinion rove the spacious skies;
Bid the cag'd linnet range the leafy grove;
Then bid my captive heart get loose from love.
The snares of death are o'er me. Hence; beware;
Left you should see her, and like me despair.

DIONE.

No. Let her come; and seek this vale's recess,
In all the beauteous negligence of dress;
Though *Cupid* send a shaft in ev'ry glance,
Though all the Graces in her step advance,
My heart can stand it all. Be firm, my breast;
Th' ensnaring oath, the broken vow detest:
That flame, which other charms have power to move,
O give it not the sacred name of love!
'Tis perj'ry, fraud, and meditated lies.
Love's seated in the soul, and never dies.

What

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What then avail her charms? my conſtant heart
Shall gaze ſecure, and mock a ſecond dart.

LYCIDAS.

But you perhaps a happier fate have found,
And the ſame hand that gave, now heals the wound;
Or art thou left abandon'd and forlorn,
A wretch, like me, the ſport of pride and ſcorn?

DIONE.

O tell me, ſhepherd, hath thy faithleſs maid
Falſe to her vow thy flatter'd hope betray'd?
Did her ſmooth ſpeech engage thee to believe?
Did ſhe proteſt and ſwear, and then deceive?
Such are the pangs I feel!

LYCIDAS.

———The haughty fair
Contemns my ſuff'rings, and diſdains to hear.
Let meaner Beauties learn'd in female ſnares
Entice the ſwain with half-conſenting airs;
Such vulgar arts ne'er aid her conqu'ring eyes,
And yet, where-e'er ſhe turns, a lover ſighs.
Vain is the ſteady conſtancy you boaſt;
All other love at ſight of her is loſt.

DIONE.

True conſtancy no time, no power can move.
He that hath known to change, ne'er knew to love.
Though the dear author of my hapleſs flame
Purſue another; ſtill my heart's the ſame.
Am I for ever left? (excuſe theſe tears)
May your kind friendſhip ſoften all my cares!

LYCIDAS.

What comfort can a wretch, like me, beſtow?

DIONE.

He beſt can pity who hath felt the woe.

LYCIDAS.

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LYCIDAS.

Since diff'rent objects have our souls possest,
No rival fears our friendship shall molest.

DIONE.

Come, let us leave the shade of these brown hills,
And drive our flocks beside the streaming rills.
Should the fair tyrant to these vales return,
How would thy breast with double fury burn!
Go hence, and seek thy peace.

SCENE III.

LYCIDAS, DIONE, LAURA.

LAURA.

———Fly, fly this place;
Beware of love; the proudest of her race
This way approaches: from among the pines,
Where from the steep the winding path declines,
I saw the nymph descend.

LYCIDAS.

———She comes, she comes;
From her the passing Zephyrs steal perfumes,
As from the vi'let's bank with odours sweet
Breathes ev'ry gale; spring blooms beneath her feet.
Yes, 'tis my fairest; here she's wont to rove.

LAURA.

Say, by what signs I might have known thy Love?

LYCIDAS.

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LYCIDAS.

My Love is fairer than the ſnowy breaſt
Of the tall ſwan, whoſe proudly ſwelling cheſt
Divides the wave; her treſſes looſe behind,
Play on her neck, and wanton in the wind;
The riſing bluſhes, which her cheek o'erſpread,
Are op'ning roſes in the lily's bed.
Know'ſt thou *Parthenia?*

LAURA.

———Wretched is the ſlave
Who ſerves ſuch pride! behold *Menalcas'* grave!
Yet if *Alexis* and this ſighing ſwain
Wiſh to behold the Tyrant of the plain,
Let us behind theſe myrtles twining arms
Retire unſeen; from thence ſurvey her charms.
Wild as the chaunting thruſh upon the ſpray,
At man's approach ſhe ſwiftly flies away.
Like the young hare, I've ſeen the panting maid
Stop, liſten, run; of ev'ry wind afraid.

LYCIDAS.

And wilt thou never from thy vows depart?
Shepherd, beware—now fortify thy heart.
[*To* Dione.

[Lycidas, Dione, *and* Laura *retire behind the boughs.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

PARTHENIA, LYCIDAS, DIONE, LAURA.

PARTHENIA.

This melancholy ſcene demands a groan.
Hah! what inſcription marks the weeping ſtone?
O pow'r of beauty! here Menalcas *lies.*
Gaze not, ye ſhepherds, on Parthenia's *eyes.*
Why did heav'n form me with ſuch poliſh'd care?
Why caſt my features in a mold ſo fair?
If blooming beauty was a bleſſing meant,
Why are my ſighing hours deny'd content?

The downy peach, that glows with ſunny dyes,
Feeds the black ſnail, and lures voracious flies;
The juicy pear invites the feather'd kind,
And pecking finches ſcoop the golden rind;
But beauty ſuffers more pernicious wrongs,
Blaſted by envy, and cenſorious tongues.
How happy lives the nymph, whoſe comely face
And pleaſing glances boaſt ſufficient grace
To wound the ſwain ſhe loves! no jealous fears
Shall vex her nuptial ſtate with nightly tears,
Nor am'rous youths, to puſh their foul pretence,
Infeſt her days with dull impertinence.
But why talk I of love? my guarded heart
Diſowns his power, and turns aſide the dart.
Hark! from his hollow tomb *Menalcas* cries,
Gaze not, ye ſhepherds, on Parthenia's *eyes.*
Come, *Lycidas*, the mournful lay peruſe,
Leſt thou, like him, *Parthenia*'s eyes accuſe.

[*She ſtands in a melancholy poſture, looking on the tomb.*

LYCIDAS.

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LYCIDAS.

Call'd she not *Lycidas?*——I come, my fair;
See gen'rous pity melts into a tear,
And her heart softens. Now's the tender hour,
Assist me, Love, exert thy sov'reign power
To tame the scornful maid.

DIONE.

——Rash swain, be wise:
'Tis not from thee or him; from Love she flies.
Leave her, forget her. [*They hold* Lycidas.

LAURA.

——Why this furious haste?

LYCIDAS.

Unhand me; loose me.

DIONE.

——Sister, hold him fast.
To follow her, is to prolong despair.
Shepherd, you must not go.

LYCIDAS.

——Bold youth, forbear.
Hear me, *Parthenia.*

PARTHENIA.

——From behind the shade
Methought a voice some list'ning spy betray'd.
Yes, I'm observ'd. [*She runs out.*

LYCIDAS.

——Stay, nymph; thy flight suspend.
She hears me not—when will my sorrows end!
As over-spent with toil, my heaving breast
Beats quick. 'Tis death alone can give me rest.
[*He remains in a fixt melancholy*

SCENE

SCENE V.

LYCIDAS, DIONE, LAURA.

LAURA.

Recall thy ſcatter'd ſenſe, bid reaſon wake,
Subdue thy paſſion.

LYCIDAS.

——Shall I never ſpeak?
She's gone, ſhe's gone—Kind ſhepherd, let me reſt
My troubled head upon thy friendly breaſt.
The foreſt ſeems to move——O curſed ſtate!
I doom'd to love, and ſhe condemn'd to hate!
Tell me, *Alexis*, art thou ſtill the ſame?
Did not her brighter eyes put out the flame
Of thy firſt love? did not thy flutt'ring heart,
Whene'er ſhe rais'd her look, confeſs the dart?

DIONE.

I own the nymph is faireſt of her race,
Yet I unmov'd can on this beauty gaze,
Mindful of former promiſe; all that's dear,
My thoughts, my dreams, my ev'ry wiſh is there.
Since then our Hopes are loſt; let friendſhip's tye
Calm our diſtreſs, and ſlighted love ſupply;
Let us together drive our fleecy ſtore,
And of ungrateful woman think no more.

LYCIDAS.

'Tis death alone can raiſe her from my breaſt.

LAURA.

Why ſhines thy love ſo far above the reſt?
Nature, 'tis true, in ev'ry outward grace,
Her niceſt hand employ'd; her lovely face

With beauteous feature stampt; with rosy dyes
Warm'd her fair cheek; with lightning arm'd her eyes:
But if thou search the secrets of her mind,
Where shall thy cheated soul a virtue find?
Sure hell with cruelty her breast supply'd.
How did she glory when *Menalcas* dy'd!
Pride in her bosom reigns; she's false, she's vain;
She first entices, then insults the swain;
Shall female cunning lead thy heart astray?
Shepherd, be free; and scorn for scorn repay.

LYCIDAS.

How woman talks of woman!

DIONE.

——Hence depart;
Let a long absence cure thy love-sick heart.
To some far grove retire, her sight disclaim,
Nor with her charms awake the dying flame.
Let not an hour thy happy flight suspend;
But go not, *Lycidas*, without thy friend.
Together let us seek the chearful plains,
And lead the dance among the sportive swains,
Devoid of care.

LAURA.

——Or else the groves disdain,
Nor with the sylvan walk indulge thy pain.
Haste to the town; there (I have oft been told)
The courtly nymph her tresses binds with gold,
To captivate the youths; the youths appear
In fine array; in ringlets waves their hair
Rich with ambrosial scents, the fair to move,
And all the business of the day is love.
There from the gaudy train select a dame,
Her willing glance shall catch an equal flame.

LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

Name not the Court.——The thought my soul confounds,
And with *Dione's* wrongs my bosom wounds.
Heav'n justly vindicates the faithful maid;
And now are all my broken vows repaid.
Perhaps she now laments my fancy'd death
With tears unfeign'd; and thinks my gasping breath
Sigh'd forth her name. O guilt, no more upbraid!
Yes. I fond innocence and truth betray'd. [*Aside.*

[Dione *and* Laura *apart.*

DIONE.

Hark! how reflection wakes his conscious heart.
From my pale lids the tickling sorrows start;
How shall my breast the swelling sighs confine!

LAURA.

O smooth thy brow, conceal our just design:
Be yet awhile unknown. If grief arise,
And force a passage through thy gushing eyes,
Quickly retire, thy sorrows to compose;
Or with a look serene disguise thy woes.

[Dione *is going out.* Laura *walks at a distance.*

LYCIDAS.

Canst thou, *Alexis*, leave me thus distrest?
Where's now the boasted friendship of thy breast?
Hast thou not oft survey'd the dappled deer
In social herds o'erspread the pastures fair,
When op'ning hounds the warmer scent pursue,
And force the destin'd victim from the crew,
Oft he returns, and fain would join the band,
While all their horns the panting wretch withstand?
Such is thy friendship; thus might I confide.

DIONE.

Why wilt thou censure what thou ne'er hast try'd?

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Sooner ſhall ſwallows leave their callow brood,
Who with their plaintive chirpings cry for food;
Sooner ſhall hens expoſe their infant care,
When the ſpread kite ſails wheeling in the air,
Than I forſake thee when by danger preſt;
Wrong not by jealous fears a faithful breaſt.

LYCIDAS.

If thy fair ſpoken tongue thy boſom ſhows,
There let the ſecrets of my ſoul repoſe.

DIONE.

Far be ſuſpicion; in my truth confide.
O let my heart thy load of cares divide!

LYCIDAS.

Know then, *Alexis*, that in vain I ſtrove
To break her chain, and free my ſoul from love;
On the lim'd twig thus finches beat their wings,
Still more entangled in the clammy ſtrings.
The ſlow-pac'd days have witneſs'd my deſpair,
Upon my weary couch ſits wakeful care;
Down my flush'd cheek the flowing ſorrows run,
As dews deſcend to weep the abſent ſun.
O loſt *Parthenia!*

DIONE.

———These wild thoughts ſuſpend;
And in thy kind commands inſtruct thy friend.

LYCIDAS.

Whene'er my fault'ring tongue would urge my cauſe,
Deaf is her ear, and ſullen ſhe withdraws.
Go then, *Alexis*; ſeek the ſcornful maid,
In tender eloquence my ſuff'rings plead;
Of ſlighted paſſion you the pangs have known;
O judge my ſecret anguiſh by your own!

DIONE.

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DIONE.

Had I the ſkill inconſtant hearts to move,
My longing ſoul had never loſt my Love.
My feeble tongue, in theſe ſoft arts untry'd,
Can ill ſupport the thunder of her pride;
When ſhe ſhall bid me to thy bower repair,
How ſhall my trembling lips her threats declare!
How ſhall I tell thee that ſhe could behold,
With brow ſerene, thy corſe all pale and cold
Beat on the daſhing billow? ſhouldſt thou go
Where the tall hill o'erhangs the rocks below,
Near thee the tyrant could unpitying ſtand,
Nor call thee back, nor ſtretch a ſaving hand.
Wilt thou then ſtill perſiſt to tempt thy fate,
To feed her pride and gratify her hate?

LYCIDAS.

Know, unexperienc'd youth, that woman's mind
Oft ſhifts her paſſions, like th' inconſtant wind;
Sudden ſhe rages, like the troubled main,
Now ſinks the ſtorm, and all is calm again.
Watch the kind moment, then my wrongs impart,
And the ſoft tale ſhall glide into her heart.

DIONE.

No. Let her wander in the lonely grove,
And never hear the tender voice of love.
Let her awhile, neglected by the ſwain,
Paſs by, nor ſighs moleſt the chearful plain;
Thus ſhall the fury of her pride be laid;
Thus humble into love the haughty maid.

LYCIDAS.

Vain are attempts my paſſion to controul.
Is this the balm to cure my fainting ſoul?

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DIONE.

Deep then among the green-wood ſhades I'll rove,
And ſeek with weary'd pace thy wander'd Love;
Proſtrate I'll fall, and with inceſſant prayers
Hang on her knees, and bathe her feet with tears;
If ſighs of pity can her ear incline,
(O *Lycidas*, my life is wrapt in thine!) [*Aſide.*
I'll charge her from thy voice to hear the tale,
Thy voice more ſweet than notes along the vale
Breath'd from the warbling pipe: the moving ſtrain
Shall ſtay her flight, and conquer her diſdain.
Yet if ſhe hear; ſhould love the meſſage ſpeed,
Then dies all hope;—then muſt *Dione* bleed. [*Aſide.*

LYCIDAS.

Haſte then, dear faithful ſwain. Beneath thoſe yews
Whoſe ſable arms the browneſt ſhade diffuſe,
Where all around, to ſhun the fervent ſky,
The panting flocks in ferny thickets lie;
There with impatience ſhall I wait my friend,
O'er the wide proſpect frequent glances ſend
To ſpy thy wiſh'd return. As thou ſhalt find
A tender welcome, may thy Love be kind!
[*Exit* Lycidas.

SCENE

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SCENE VI.

DIONE, LAURA.

DIONE.

Methinks I'm now surrounded by despair,
And all my with'ring hopes are lost in air.
Thus the young linnet on the rocking bough
Hears through long woods autumnal tempests blow,
With hollow blasts the clashing branches bend;
And yellow show'rs of rustling leaves descend;
She sees the friendly shelter from her sly,
Nor dare her little pinions trust the sky;
But on the naked spray in wintry air,
All shiv'ring, hopeless, mourns the dying year.
What have I promis'd? rash, unthinking maid!
By thy own tongue thy wishes are betray'd!

[LAURA *advances.*

LAURA.

Why walk'st thou thus disturb'd with frantic air?
Why roll thy eyes with madness and despair?

DIONE. [*Musing.*

How wilt thou bear to see her pride give way?
When thus the yielding nymph shall bid thee say,
'Let not the shepherd seek the silent grave,
'Say, that I bid him live——if hope can save.'

LAURA.

Hath he discern'd thee through the swain's disguise,
And now alike thy love and friendship flies?

DIONE.

Yes. Firm and faithful to the promise made,
I'll range each sunny hill, each lawn and glade.

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LAURA.

'Tis *Laura* ſpeaks. O calm your troubled mind.

DIONE.

Where ſhall my ſearch this envy'd Beauty find?
I'll go, my faithleſs ſhepherd's cauſe to plead,
And with my tears accuſe the rival maid.
Yet, ſhould her ſoften'd heart to love incline!

LAURA.

If thoſe are all thy fears, *Evander*'s thine.

DIONE.

Why ſhould we both in ſorrow waſte our days?
If love unfeign'd my conſtant boſom ſways,
His happineſs alone is all I prize,
And that is center'd in *Parthenia*'s eyes.
Haſte then, with earneſt zeal her love implore,
To bleſs his hours—when thou ſhalt breathe no more.

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ACT III. SCENE I.

Dione *lying on the ground by the side of a Fountain.*

DIONE.

HERE let me rest: and in the liquid glass
View with impartial look my fading face.
Why are *Parthenia*'s striking beauties priz'd?
And why *Dione*'s weaker glance despis'd?
Nature in various molds has beauty cast,
And form'd the feature for each different taste:
This sighs for golden locks and azure eyes;
That, for the gloss of sable tresses, dies.
Let all mankind these locks, these eyes detest,
So I were lovely in *Evander*'s breast!
When o'er the garden's knot we cast our view,
While summer paints the ground with various hue;
Some praise the gaudy tulip's streaky red,
And some the silver lily's bending head;
Some the jonquil in shining yellow drest,
And some the fring'd carnation's varied vest;
Some love the sober vi'let's purple dyes.
Thus beauty fares in different lovers eyes.
But bright *Parthenia* like the rose appears,
She in all eyes superior lustre bears.

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SCENE II.

DIONE, LAURA.

LAURA.

Why thus beneath the ſilver willow laid,
Weeps fair *Dione* in the penſive ſhade?
Haſt thou yet found the over-arching bower,
Which guards *Parthenia* from the ſultry hour?

DIONE.

With weary ſtep in paths unknown I ſtray'd,
And ſought in vain the ſolitary maid.

LAURA.

Seeſt thou the waving tops of yonder woods,
Whoſe aged arms imbrown the cooling floods?
The cooling floods o'er breaking pebbles flow,
And waſh the ſoil from the big roots below;
From the tall rock the daſhing waters bound.
Hark, o'er the fields the ruſhing billows ſound!
There, loſt in thought, and leaning on her crook;
Stood the ſad nymph, nor rais'd her penſive look;
With ſettled eye the bubbling waves ſurvey'd,
And watch'd the whirling eddies as they play'd.

DIONE.

Thither to know my certain doom I ſpeed,
For by this ſentence life or death's decreed. [*Exit.*

SCENE

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SCENE III.

LAURA, CLEANTHES.

LAURA.

But see! some hasty stranger bends this way;
His broider'd vest reflects the sunny ray;
Now through the thinner boughs I mark his mien,
Now veil'd, in thicker shades he moves unseen.
Hither he turns; I hear a mutt'ring sound;
Behind this rev'rend oak with ivy bound
Quick I'll retire; with busy thought possest,
His tongue betrays the secrets of his breast.

[*She hides herself.*

CLEANTHES.

The skilful hunter with experienc'd care
Traces the doubles of the circling hare;
The subtle fox (who breathes the weary hound
O'er hills and plains) in distant brakes is found;
With ease we track swift hinds and skipping roes.
But who th' inconstant ways of woman knows?
They say, she wanders with the sylvan train,
And courts the native freedoms of the plain;
Shepherds explain their wish without offence,
Nor blush the nymphs;—for Love is innocence.
O lead me where the rural youth retreat,
Where the slope hills the warbling voice repeat.
Perhaps on daisy'd turf reclines the maid,
And near her side some rival clown is laid.
Yet, yet I love her.——O lost nymph return,
Let not thy sire with tears incessant mourn;
Return, lost nymph; bid sorrow cease to flow,
And let *Dione* glad the house of woe.

LAURA.

LAURA.

Call'd he not loſt *Dione?* hence I'll ſtart,
Croſs his ſlow ſteps, and ſift his op'ning heart. [*Aſide.*

CLEANTHES.

Tell me, fair nymph, direct my wandring way;
Where, in cloſe bowers, to ſhun the ſultry ray,
Repoſe the ſwains; whoſe flocks with bleating fill
The bord'ring foreſt and the thymy hill.
But if thou frequent join thoſe ſylvan bands,
Thy ſelf can anſwer what my ſoul demands.

LAURA.

Seven years I trod theſe fields, theſe bowers, and glades,
And by the leſs'ning and the length'ning ſhades
Have mark'd the hours; what time my flock to lead
To ſunny mountains, or the watry mead:
Train'd in the labours of the ſylvan crew,
Their ſports, retreats, their cares and loves I knew.

CLEANTHES.

Inſtruct me then, if late among your race,
A ſtranger nymph is found, of noble grace,
In rural arts unſkill'd, no charge ſhe tends;
Nor when the morn and ev'ning dew deſcends
Milks the big-udder'd ewe. Her mien and dreſs
The poliſh'd manners of the Court confeſs.

LAURA.

Each day arrive the neighb'ring nymphs and ſwains
To ſhare the paſtime of our jovial plains;
How can I there thy roving beauty trace,
Where not one nymph is bred of vulgar race?

CLEANTHES.

If yet ſhe breathe, what tortures muſt ſhe find!
The curſe of diſobedience tears her mind.
If e'er your breaſt with filial duty burn'd,
If e'er you ſorrow'd when a parent mourn'd;

Tell

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Tell her, I charge you, with inceſſant groans
Her drooping ſire his abſent child bemoans.

LAURA.

Unhappy man!

CLEANTHES.

———With ſtorms of paſſion toſt,
When firſt he learnt his vagrant child was loſt,
On the cold floor his trembling limbs he flung,
And with thick blows his hollow boſom rung;
Then up he ſtarted, and with fixt ſurpriſe,
Upon her picture threw his frantick eyes,
While thus he cry'd. 'In her my life was bound,
'Warm in each feature is her mother found!
'Perhaps deſpair has been her fatal guide,
'And now ſhe floats upon the weeping tide;
'Or on the willow hung, with head reclin'd,
'All pale and cold ſhe wavers in the wind.
'Did I not force her hence by harſh commands?
'Did not her ſoul abhor the nuptial bands?

LAURA.

Teach not, ye ſires, your daughters to rebel.
By counſel rein their wills, but ne'er compel.

CLEANTHES.

Ye duteous daughters, truſt theſe tender guides;
Nor think a parent's breaſt the tyrant hides.

LAURA.

From either lid the ſcalding ſorrows roll;
The moving tale runs thrilling to my ſoul.

CLEANTHES.

Perhaps ſhe wanders in the lonely woods,
Or on the ſedgy borders of the floods;
Thou know'ſt each cottage, foreſt, hill and vale,
And pebbled brook that winds along the dale.

Search

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Search each sequester'd dell to find the fair;
And just reward shall gratify thy care.

LAURA.

O ye kind boughs protect the virgin's flight,
And guard *Dione* from his prying sight! [*Aside.*

CLEANTHES.

Mean while I'll seek the shepherd's cool abodes,
Point me, fair nymph, along those doubtful roads.

LAURA.

Seest thou yon' mountain rear his shaggy brow?
In the green valley graze the flocks below:
There ev'ry gale with warbling musick floats,
Shade answers shade, and breathes alternate notes.
[*Exit* Cleanthes.
He's gone; and to the distant vale is sent.
Nor shall his force *Dione*'s love prevent.
But see, she comes again with hasty pace,
And conscious pleasure dimples on her face.

SCENE IV.

LAURA, DIONE.

DIONE.

I found her laid beside the crystal brook,
Nor rais'd she from the stream her settled look,
Till near her side I stood; her head she rears,
Starts sudden, and her shrieks confess her fears.

LAURA.

Did not thy words her thoughtful soul surprise,
And kindle sparkling anger in her eyes?

DIONE.

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DIONE.

Thus ſhe reply'd, with rage and ſcorn poſſeſt.
'Will importuning love ne'er give me reſt?
'Why am I thus in deſarts wild purſu'd,
'Like guilty conſciences when ſtain'd with blood?
'Sure boding ravens, from the blaſted oak,
'Shall learn the name of *Lycidas* to croak,
'To ſound it in my ears! As ſwains paſs by,
'With look aſkance, they ſhake their heads and cry,
'Lo! this is ſhe for whom the ſhepherd dy'd!
'Soon *Lycidas*, a victim to her pride,
'Shall ſeek the grave; and in the glimm'ring glade,
'With look all pale, ſhall glide the reſtleſs ſhade
'Of the poor ſwain; while we with haggard eye
'And briſtled hair the fleeting phantom fly.'
Still let their curſes innocence upbraid:
Heav'n never will forſake the virtuous maid.

LAURA.

Didſt thou perſiſt to touch her haughty breaſt?

DIONE.

She ſtill the more diſdain'd, the more I preſt.

LAURA.

When you were gone, theſe walks a ſtranger croſt,
He turn'd through ev'ry path, and wander'd loſt;
To me he came; with courteous ſpeech demands
Beneath what bowers repos'd the ſhepherd bands;
Then further aſks me, if among that race
A ſhepherdeſs was found of courtly grace;
With proffer'd bribes my faithful tongue eſſays;
But for no bribe the faithful tongue betrays.
In me *Dione*'s ſafe. Far hence he ſpeeds,
Where other hills reſound with other reeds.

DIONE.

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DIONE.

Should he come back; Suſpicion's jealous eyes
Might trace my features through the ſwain's diſguiſe.
Now ev'ry noiſe and whiſtling wind I dread,
And in each ſound approaches human tread.

LAURA.

He ſaid, he left your houſe involv'd in cares,
Sighs ſwell'd each breaſt, each eye o'erflow'd with tears;
For his loſt child thy penſive father mourns,
And ſunk in ſorrow to the duſt returns.
Go back, obedient daughter; hence depart,
And ſtill the ſighs that tear his anxious heart.
Soon ſhall *Evander*, wearied with diſdain,
Forego theſe fields, and ſeek the town again.

DIONE.

Think, *Laura*, what thy haſty thoughts perſuade.
If I return, to Love a victim made,
My wrathful Sire will force his harſh command,
And with *Cleanthes* join my trembling hand.

LAURA.

Truſt a fond father; raiſe him from deſpair.

DIONE.

I fly not him; I fly a life of care.
On the high nuptials of the Court look round;
Where ſhall, alas, one happy pair be found!
There marriage is for ſervile int'reſt ſought:
Is love for wealth or power or title bought?
'Tis hence domeſtick jars their peace deſtroy,
And looſe adult'ry ſteals the ſhameful joy.
But ſearch we wide o'er all the bliſsful plains,
Where love alone, devoid of int'reſt, reigns.
What concord in each happy pair appears!
How fondneſs ſtrengthens with the rolling years!

Superior

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Superior power ne'er thwarts their ſoft delights,
Nor jealous accuſations wake their nights.

LAURA.

May all thoſe bleſſings on *Dione* fall.

DIONE.

Grant me *Evander*, and I ſhare them all.
Shall a fond parent give perpetual ſtrife,
And doom his child to be a wretch for life?
Though he bequeath'd me all theſe woods and plains,
And all the flocks the ruſſet down contains;
With all the golden harveſts of the year,
Far as where yonder purple mountains rear;
Can theſe the broils of nuptial life prevent?
Can theſe, without *Evander*, give content?
But ſee, he comes.

LAURA.

———I'll to the vales repair,
Where wanders by the ſtream my fleecy care.
Mayſt thou the rage of this new flame controul,
And wake *Dione* in his tender ſoul! [*Exit* Laura.

SCENE V.

DIONE, LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

Say, my *Alexis*, can thy words impart
Kind rays of hope to cheer a doubtful heart?
How didſt thou firſt my pangs of love diſcloſe?
Did her diſdainful brow confirm my woes?

Or

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Or did ſoft pity in her boſom riſe,
Heave on her breaſt, and languiſh in her eyes?

DIONE.

How ſhall my tongue the fault'ring tale explain!
My heart drops blood to give the ſhepherd pain.

LYCIDAS.

Pronounce her utmoſt ſcorn; I come prepar'd
To meet my doom. Say, is my death declar'd?

DIONE.

Why ſhould thy fate depend on woman's will!
Forget this tyrant, and be happy ſtill.

LYCIDAS.

Didſt thou beſeech her not to ſpeed her flight,
Nor ſhun with wrathful glance my hated ſight?
Will ſhe conſent my ſighing plaint to hear,
Nor let my piercing cries be loſt in air?

DIONE.

Can mariners appeaſe the toſſing ſtorm,
When foaming waves the yawning deep deform?
When o'er the ſable cloud the thunder flies,
Say, who ſhall calm the terror of the ſkies?
Who ſhall the lion's famiſh'd roar aſſuage?
And can we ſtill proud woman's ſtronger rage?
Soon as my faithful tongue pronounc'd thy name,
Sudden her glances ſhot reſentful flame:
Be dumb, ſhe cries, this whining love give o'er,
And vex me with the teazing theme no more.

LYCIDAS.

'Tis pride alone that keeps alive her ſcorn.
Can the mean ſwain in humble cottage born,
Can Poverty that haughty heart obtain,
Where avarice and ſtrong ambition reign?
If Poverty paſs by in tatter'd coat,
Curs vex his heels and ſtretch their barking throat;

If

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If chance he mingle in the female croud,
Pride toſſes high her head, Scorn laughs aloud;
Each nymph turns from him to her gay gallant,
And wonders at the impudence of Want.
'Tis vanity that rules all woman-kind,
Love is the weakeſt paſſion of their mind.

DIONE.

Though one is by thoſe ſervile views poſſeſt,
O *Lycidas*, condemn not all the reſt.

LYCIDAS.

Though I were bent beneath a load of years,
And ſeventy winters thin'd my hoary hairs;
Yet if my olive branches dropt with oil,
And crooked ſhares were brighten'd in my ſoil,
If lowing herds my fatt'ning meads poſſeſt,
And my white fleece the tawny mountain dreſt;
Then would ſhe lure me with love-darting glance,
Then with fond mercenary ſmiles advance.
Though hell with ev'ry vice my ſoul had ſtain'd,
And froward anger in my boſom reign'd,
Though avarice my coffers cloath'd in ruſt,
And my joints trembled with enfeebled luſt;
Yet were my ancient name with titles great,
How would ſhe languiſh for the gaudy bait!
If to her love all-tempting wealth pretend,
What virtuous woman can her heart defend!

DIONE.

Conqueſts, thus meanly bought, men ſoon deſpiſe,
And juſtly ſlight the mercenary prize.

LYCIDAS.

I know theſe frailties in her breaſt reſide,
Direct her glance, and ev'ry action guide.
Still let *Alexis'* faithful friendſhip aid,
Once more attempt to bend the ſtubborn maid.

Tell

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Tell her, no base-born swain provokes her scorn,
No clown, beneath the sedgy cottage born;
Tell her, for her this sylvan dress I took,
For her my name and pomp of Courts forsook;
My lofty roofs with golden sculpture shine,
And my high birth descends from ancient line.

DIONE.

Love is a sacred voluntary fire,
Gold never bought that pure, that chaste desire.
Who thinks true love for lucre to possess,
Shall grasp false flatt'ry and the feign'd caress;
Can we believe that mean, that servile wife,
Who vilely sells her dear-bought love for life,
Would not her virtue for an hour resign,
If in her sight the proffer'd treasure shine.

LYCIDAS.

Can reason (when by winds swift fires are born
O'er waving harvests of autumnal corn)
The driving fury of the flame reprove?
Who then shall reason with a heart in love!

DIONE.

Yet let me speak; O may my words persuade
The noble youth to quit this sylvan maid!
Resign thy crook, no more to plains resort,
Look round on all the beauties of the Court;
There shall thy merit find a worthy flame,
Some nymph of equal wealth and equal name.
Think, if these offers should thy wish obtain,
And should the rustick beauty stoop to gain:
Thy heart could ne'er prolong th' unequal fire,
The sudden blaze would in one year expire;
Then thy rash folly thou too late shalt chide,
To Poverty and base-born blood ally'd;

Her

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Her vulgar tongue ſhall animate the ſtrife,
And hourly diſcord vex thy future life.

LYCIDAS.

Such is the force thy faithful words impart,
That like the galling goad they pierce my heart.
You think fair virtue in my breaſt reſides,
That honeſt truth my lips and actions guides.
Deluded ſhepherd, could you view my ſoul,
You'd ſee it with deceit and treach'ry foul;
I'm baſe, perfidious. Ere from Court I came,
Love ſingled from the train a beauteous dame;
The tender maid my fervent vows believ'd,
My fervent vows the tender maid deceiv'd.
Why doſt thou tremble?—why thus heave thy ſighs?
Why ſteal the ſilent ſorrows from thy eyes?

DIONE.

Sure the ſoft lamb hides rage within his breaſt,
And cooing turtles are with hate poſſeſt;
When from ſo ſweet a tongue flow fraud and lies,
And thoſe meek looks a perjur'd heart diſguiſe.
Ah! who ſhall now on faithleſs man depend?
The treach'rous lover proves as falſe a friend.

LYCIDAS.

When with *Dione*'s love my boſom glow'd,
Firm conſtancy and truth ſincere I vow'd;
But ſince *Parthenia*'s brighter charms were known,
My love, my conſtancy and truth are flown.

DIONE.

Are not thy hours with conſcious anguiſh ſtung?
Swift vengeance muſt o'ertake the perjur'd tongue.
The Gods the cauſe of injur'd love aſſert,
And arm with ſtubborn pride *Parthenia*'s heart.

LYCIDAS.

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LYCIDAS.

Go, try her; tempt her with my birth and ſtate,
Stronger ambition will ſubdue her hate.

DIONE.

O rather turn thy thoughts on that loſt maid,
Whoſe hourly ſighs thy faithleſs oath upbraid!
Think you behold her at the dead of night,
Plac'd by the glimm'ring taper's pale light,
With all your letters ſpread before her view,
While trickling tears the tender lines bedew;
Sobbing ſhe reads the perj'ries o'er and o'er,
And her long nights know peaceful ſleep no more.

LYCIDAS.

Let me forget her.

DIONE.

O falſe youth, relent;
Think ſhould *Partheuia* to thy hopes conſent;
When *Hymen* joins your hands, and muſick's voice
Makes the glad echoes of thy domes rejoice,
Then ſhall *Dione* force the crowded hall,
Kneel at thy feet, and loud for juſtice call:
Could you behold her weltering on the ground,
The purple dagger reeking from the wound?
Could you unmov'd this dreadful ſight ſurvey?
Such fatal ſcenes ſhall ſtain the bridal day.

LYCIDAS.

The horrid thought ſinks deep into my ſoul,
And down my cheek unwilling ſorrows roll.

DIONE.

From this new flame you may as yet recede.
Or have you doom'd that guiltleſs maid ſhall bleed?

LYCIDAS.

Name her no more.—Haſte, ſeek the ſylvan Fair.

DIONE.

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DIONE.

Should the rich proffer tempt her list'ning ear,
Bid all your peace adieu. O barb'rous youth,
Can you forego your honour, love, and truth?
Yet should *Parthenia* wealth and title slight,
Would justice then restore *Dione*'s right?
Would you then dry her ever-falling tears;
And bless with honest love your future years?

LYCIDAS.

I'll in yon shade thy wish'd return attend;
Come, quickly come, and cheer thy sighing friend.
[*Exit* Lycidas.

DIONE.

Should her proud soul resist the tempting bait,
Should she contemn his proffer'd wealth and state,
Then I once more his perjur'd heart may move,
And in his bosom wake the dying love.
As the pale wretch involv'd in doubts and fears,
All trembling in the judgment-hall appears;
So shall I stand before *Parthenia*'s eyes,
For as she dooms, *Dione* lives or dies.

ACT

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

LYCIDAS, PARTHENIA *asleep in a bower.*

LYCIDAS.

MAY no rude wind the ruſtling branches move;
Breathe ſoft, ye ſilent gales, nor wake my Love.
Ye ſhepherds, piping homeward on the way,
Let not the diſtant echoes learn your lay;
Strain not, ye nightingales, your warbling throat,
May no loud ſhake prolong the ſhriller note,
Leſt ſhe awake; O Sleep, ſecure her eyes,
That I may gaze; for if ſhe wake, ſhe flies.
While eaſy dreams compoſe her peaceful ſoul,
What anxious cares within my boſom roll!
If tir'd with ſighs beneath the beech I lie,
And languid ſlumber cloſe my weeping eye,
Her lovely viſion riſes to my view,
Swift flies the nymph, and ſwift would I purſue;
I ſtrive to call, my tongue has loſt its ſound;
Like rooted oaks, my feet benumm'd are found;
Struggling I wake. Again my ſorrows flow,
And not one flatt'ring dream deludes my woe.
What innocence! how meek is ev'ry grace!
How ſweet the ſmile that dimples on her face,

Calm

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Calm as the sleeping seas! but should my sighs
Too rudely breathe, what angry storms would rise!
Tho' the fair rose with beauteous blush is crown'd,
Beneath her fragrant leaves the thorn is found;
The peach, that with inviting crimson blooms,
Deep at the heart the cank'ring worm consumes;
'Tis thus, alas! those lovely features hide
Disdain and anger and resentful pride.

SCENE II.

LYCIDAS, DIONE, PARTHENIA.

LYCIDAS.

Hath proffer'd greatness yet o'ercome her hate?
And does she languish for the glitt'ring bait?
Against the swain she might her pride support.
Can she subdue her sex, and scorn a Court?
Perhaps in dreams the shining vision charms,
And the rich bracelet sparkles on her arms;
In fancy'd heaps the golden treasure glows:
Parthenia, wake; all this thy swain bestows.

DIONE.

Sleeps she in these close bowers?

LYCIDAS.

——Lo! there she lies.

DIONE.

O may no startling sound unseal her eyes,
And drive her hence away. Till now, in vain
I trod the winding wood and weary plain.

Hence, *Lycidas*; beyond those shades repose,
While I thy fortune and thy birth disclose.

LYCIDAS.

May I *Parthenia* to thy friendship owe!

DIONE.

O rather think on lost *Dione*'s woe!
Must she thy broken faith for ever mourn,
And will that juster passion ne'er return?

LYCIDAS.

Upbraid me not; but go. Her slumbers chase;
And in her view the bright temptation place.

[*Exit* Lycidas.

SCENE III.

DIONE, PARTHENIA.

DIONE.

Now flames the western skie with golden beams,
And the ray kindles on the quiv'ring streams;
Long flights of crows, high-croaking from their food,
Now seek the nightly covert of the wood;
The tender grass with dewy crystal bends,
And gath'ring vapour from the heath ascends.
Shake off this downy rest; wake, gentle maid,
Trust not thy charms beneath the noxious shade.
Parthenia, rise.

PARTHENIA.

———What voice alarms my ear?
Away. Approach not. Hah! *Alexis* there!

Let

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Let us together to the vales descend,
And to the folds our bleating charge attend;
But let me hear no more that shepherd's name,
Vex not my quiet with his hateful flame.

DIONE.

Can I behold him gasping on the ground,
And seek no healing herb to staunch the wound?
For thee continual sighs consume his heart,
'Tis you alone can cure the bleeding smart.
Once more I come the moving cause to plead;
If still his suff'rings cannot intercede,
Yet let my friendship do his passion right,
And show thy lover in his native light.

PARTHENIA.

Why in dark myst'ry are thy words involv'd?
If *Lycidas* you mean; know, I'm resolv'd.

DIONE.

Let not thy kindling rage my words restrain.
Know then, *Parthenia* slights no vulgar swain.
For thee he bears the scrip and sylvan crook,
For thee the glories of a Court forsook.
May not thy heart the wealthy flame decline!
His honours, his possessions, all are thine.

PARTHENIA.

If he's a Courtier, O ye Nymphs, beware;
Those who most promise are the least sincere.
The quick-ey'd hawk shoots headlong from above,
And in his pounces bears the trembling dove;
The pilf'ring wolf o'er-leaps the fold's defence.
But the false Courtier preys on innocence.
If he's a Courtier, O ye Nymphs, beware:
Those who most promise are the least sincere.

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DIONE.

Alas! thou ne'er haſt prov'd the ſweets of State,
Nor known that female pleaſure, to be great.
'Tis for the town ripe cluſters load the poles,
And all our Autumn crowns the Courtier's bowls;
For him our woods the red-ey'd pheaſant breed,
And annual coveys in our harveſt feed;
For him with fruit the bending branch is ſtor'd,
Plenty pours all her bleſſings on his board.
If (when the market to the city calls)
We chance to paſs beſide his palace walls,
Does not his hall with muſick's voice reſound,
And the floor tremble with the dancer's bound?
Such are the pleaſures *Lycidas* ſhall give,
When thy relenting boſom bids him live.

PARTHENIA.

See yon gay goldfinch hop from ſpray to ſpray,
Who ſings a farewell to the parting day;
At large he flies o'er hill and dale and down;
Is not each buſh, each ſpreading tree his own?
And canſt thou think he'll quit his native brier,
For the bright cage o'er-arch'd with golden wire?
What then are honours, pomp and gold to me?
Are thoſe a price to purchaſe liberty!

DIONE.

Think, when the *Hymeneal* torch ſhall blaze,
And on the ſolemn rites the virgins gaze;
When thy fair locks with glitt'ring gems are grac'd,
And the bright zone ſhall ſparkle round thy waiſt,
How will their hearts with envious ſorrow pine,
When *Lycidas* ſhall join his hand to thine!

PARTHENIA.

And yet, *Alexis*, all that pomp and ſhow
Are oft' the varniſh of internal woe.

When

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When the chaste lamb is from her sisters led,
And interwoven garlands paint her head;
The gazing flock, all envious of her pride,
Behold her skipping by the Priestess' side;
Each hopes the flow'ry wreath with longing eyes;
While she, alas! is led to sacrifice!
Thus walks the bride in all her state array'd,
The gaze and envy of each thoughtless maid.

DIONE.

As yet her tongue resists the tempting snare,
And guards my panting bosom from despair. [*Aside.*
Can thy strong soul this noble flame forego?
Must such a lover waste his life in woe?

PARTHENIA.

Tell him, his gifts I scorn; not all his art,
Not all his flattery shall seduce my heart.
Courtiers, I know, are disciplin'd to cheat,
Their infant lips are taught to lisp deceit;
To prey on easy nymphs they range the shade,
And vainly boast of innocence betray'd;
Chaste hearts, unlearn'd in falsehood, they assail,
And think our ear will drink the grateful tale:
No. *Lycidas* shall ne'er my peace destroy,
I'll guard my virtue, and content enjoy.

DIONE.

So strong a passion in my bosom burns,
Whene'er his soul is griev'd, *Alexis* mourns!
Canst thou this importuning ardor blame?
Would not thy tongue for friendship urge the same?

PARTHENIA.

Yes, blooming swain. You show an honest mind;
I see it, with the purest flame refin'd.

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Who ſhall compare love's mean and groſs deſire
To the chaſte zeal of friendſhip's ſacred fire?
By whining love our weakneſs is confeſt;
But ſtronger friendſhip ſhows a virtuous breaſt.
In Folly's heart the ſhort-liv'd blaze may glow,
Wiſdom alone can purer friendſhip know.
Love is a ſudden blaze which ſoon decays,
Friendſhip is like the ſun's eternal rays;
Not daily benefits exhauſt the flame,
It ſtill is giving, and ſtill burns the ſame;
And could *Alexis* from his ſoul remove
All the low images of groſſer love;
Such mild, ſuch gentle looks thy heart declare,
Fain would my breaſt thy faithful friendſhip ſhare.

DIONE.

How dare you in the diff'rent ſex confide?
And ſeek a friendſhip which you ne'er have try'd?

PARTHENIA.

Yes, I to thee could give up all my heart.
From thy chaſte eye no wanton glances dart;
Thy modeſt lips convey no thought impure,
With thee may ſtricteſt virtue walk ſecure.

DIONE.

Yet can I ſafely on the nymph depend,
Whoſe unrelenting ſcorn can kill my friend!

PARTHENIA.

Accuſe me not, who act a generous part;
Had I, like city maids, a fraudful heart,
Then had his proffers taught my ſoul to feign,
Then had I vilely ſtoopt to ſordid gain,
Then had I ſigh'd for honours, pomp and gold,
And for unhappy chains my freedom ſold.
If you would ſave him, bid him leave the plain,
And to his native city turn again;

There,

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There, ſhall his paſſion find a ready cure,
There not one dame reſiſts the glitt'ring lure.

DIONE.

All this I frequent urg'd, but urg'd in vain.
Alas! thou only canſt aſſwage his pain!

SCENE IV.

DIONE, PARTHENIA, LYCIDAS.

[*Liſtening.*

LYCIDAS.

Why ſtays *Alexis?* can my boſom bear
Thus long alternate ſtorms of hope and fear?
Yonder they walk; no frowns her brow diſguiſe,
But love conſenting ſparkles in her eyes;
Here will I liſten, here, impatient wait.
Spare me, *Parthenia*, and reſign thy hate. [*Aſide.*

PARTHENIA.

When *Lycidas* ſhall to the Court repair,
Still let *Alexis* love his fleecy care;
Still let him chooſe cool grots and ſylvan bowers,
And let *Parthenia* ſhare his peaceful hours.

LYCIDAS.

What do I hear? my friendſhip is betray'd;
The treach'rous rival has ſeduc'd the maid. [*Aſide.*

PARTHENIA.

With thee, where bearded goats deſcend the ſteep,
Or where, like winter's ſnow, the nibbling ſheep
Cloath the ſlope hills; I'll paſs the cheerful day,
And from thy reed my voice ſhall catch the lay.

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But ſee, ſtill Ev'ning ſpreads her duſky wings,
The flock, ſlow-moving from the miſty ſprings,
Now ſeek their fold. Come, ſhepherd, let's away,
To cloſe the lateſt labours of the day.

[*Exeunt hand in hand.*

SCENE V.

LYCIDAS.

My troubled heart what dire diſaſters rend?
A ſcornful miſtreſs, and a treach'rous friend!
Would you be cozen'd, more than woman can,
Unlock your boſom to perfidious man.
One faithful woman have theſe eyes beheld,
And againſt her this perjur'd heart rebell'd:
But ſearch as far as earth's wide bounds extend,
Where ſhall the wretched find one faithful friend?

SCENE VI.

LYCIDAS, DIONE.

LYCIDAS.

Why ſtarts the ſwain? why turn his eyes away,
As if amidſt his path the viper lay?
Did I not to thy charge my heart confide?
Did I not truſt thee near *Parthenia*'s ſide,
As here ſhe ſlept?

DIONE.

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DIONE.

——She ſtraight my call obey'd,
And downy ſlumber left the lovely maid;
As in the morn awakes the folded roſe,
And all around her breathing odour throws;
So wak'd *Parthenia*.

LYCIDAS.

——Could thy guarded heart,
When her full beauty glow'd, put by the dart?
Yet, on *Alexis* let my ſoul depend;
'Tis moſt ungen'rous to ſuſpect a friend.
And thou, I hope, haſt well that name profeſt.

DIONE.

O could thy piercing eye diſcern my breaſt!
Could'ſt thou the ſecrets of my boſom ſee,
There ev'ry thought is fill'd with cares for thee.

LYCIDAS.

Is there, againſt hypocriſy, defence,
Who cloaths her words and looks with innocence!
[*Aſide.*
Say, ſhepherd, when you proffer'd wealth and ſtate,
Did not her ſcorn and ſuppled pride abate?

DIONE.

As ſparkling di'monds to the feather'd train,
Who ſcrape the winnow'd chaff in ſearch of grain;
Such to the ſhepherdeſs the Court appears:
Content ſhe ſeeks, and ſpurns thoſe glitt'ring cares.

LYCIDAS.

'Tis not in woman grandeur to deſpiſe,
'Tis not from Courts, from me alone ſhe flies.
Did not my paſſion ſuffer like diſgrace,
While ſhe believ'd me born of ſylvan race?

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Doſt thou not think, this proudeſt of her kind
Has to ſome rival ſwain her heart reſign'd?

DIONE.

No rival ſhepherd her diſdain can move;
Her frozen boſom is averſe to love.

LYCIDAS.

Say, art thou ſure, that this ungrateful fair
Scorns all alike, bids all alike deſpair?

DIONE.

How can I know the ſecrets of her heart?

LYCIDAS.

Anſwer ſincere, nor from the queſtion ſtart,
Say, in her glance was never love confeſt,
And is no ſwain diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt?

DIONE.

O *Lycidas*, bid all thy troubles ceaſe;
Let not a thought on her diſturb thy peace.
May juſtice bid thy former paſſion wake;
Think how *Dione* ſuffers for thy ſake:
Let not a broken oath thy honour ſtain,
Recall thy vows, and ſeek the town again.

LYCIDAS.

What means *Alexis?* where's thy friendſhip flown?
Why am I baniſh'd to the hateful town?
Hath ſome new ſhepherd warm'd *Parthenia*'s breaſt?
And does my love his am'rous hours moleſt?
Is it for this thou bidſt me quit the plain?
Yes, yes, thou fondly lov'ſt this rival ſwain.
When firſt my cheated ſoul thy friendſhip woo'd,
To my warm heart I took the vip'rous brood.
O falſe *Alexis!*

DIONE.

———Why am I accus'd?
My jealous mind is by weak fears abus'd.

LY-

LYCIDAS.

Was not thy bosom fraught with false design?
Didst thou not plead his cause, and give up mine?
Let not thy tongue evasive answer seek;
The conscious crimson rises on thy cheek:
Thy coward conscience, by thy guilt dismay'd,
Shakes in each joint, and owns that I'm betray'd.

DIONE.

How my poor heart is wrong'd! O spare thy friend!

LYCIDAS.

Seek not detected falsehood to defend.

DIONE.

Beware, lest blind suspicion rashly blame.

LYCIDAS.

Own thyself then the rival of my flame.
If this be she for whom *Alexis* pin'd,
She now no more is to thy vows unkind.
Behind the thicket's twisted verdure laid,
I witness'd ev'ry tender thing she said;
I saw bright pleasure kindle in her eyes,
Love warm'd each feature at thy soft replies.

DIONE.

Yet hear me speak.

LYCIDAS.

——In vain is all defence:
Did not thy treach'rous hand conduct her hence?
Haste, from my sight. Rage burns in ev'ry vein;
Never approach my just revenge again.

DIONE.

O search my heart; there injur'd truth thou'lt find.

LYCIDAS.

Talk not of Truth; long since she left mankind.

So.

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So ſmooth a tongue! and yet ſo falſe a heart!
Sure Courts firſt taught thee fawning friendſhip's art!
No. Thou art falſe by nature.

DIONE.

———Let me clear
This heavy charge, and prove my truſt ſincere.

LYCIDAS.

Boaſt then her favours; ſay, what happy hour
Next calls to meet her in th' appointed bower;
Say, when and where you met.

DIONE.

——Be rage ſuppreſt.
In ſtabbing mine, you wound *Parthenia*'s breaſt.
She ſaid, ſhe ſtill defy'd Love's keeneſt dart;
Yet purer friendſhip might divide her heart,
Friendſhip's ſincerer bands ſhe wiſh'd to prove.

LYCIDAS.

A woman's friendſhip ever ends in love.
Think not theſe fooliſh tales my faith command;
Did not I ſee thee preſs her ſnowy hand?
O may her paſſion like thy friendſhip laſt!
May ſhe betray thee ere a day be paſt!
Hence then. Away. Thou'rt hateful to my ſight,
And thus I ſpurn the fawning hypocrite.

[*Exit* Lycidas.

SCENE

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SCENE VII.

DIONE.

Was ever grief like mine! O wretched maid!
My friendſhip wrong'd! my conſtant love betray'd!
Misfortune haunts my ſteps where'er I go,
And all my days are overcaſt with woe.
Long have I ſtrove th' increaſing load to bear,
Now faints my ſoul, and ſinks into deſpair.
O lead me to the hanging mountain's cell,
In whoſe brown cliffs the fowls of darkneſs dwell;
Where waters, trickling down the rifted wall,
Shall lull my ſorrows with the tinkling fall.
There ſeek thy grave. How canſt thou bear the light,
When baniſh'd ever from *Evander*'s ſight!

SCENE VIII.

DIONE, LAURA.

LAURA.

Why hangs a cloud of grief upon thy brows?
Does the proud nymph accept *Evander*'s vows?

DIONE.

Can I bear life with theſe new pangs oppreſt?
Again he tears me from his faithleſs breaſt:
A perjur'd Lover firſt he ſought theſe plains,
And now my friendſhip like my love diſdains.

As

As I new offers to *Parthenia* made,
Conceal'd he ſtood behind the woodbine ſhade.
He ſays, my treach'rous tongue his heart betray'd,
That my falſe ſpeeches have miſ-led the maid;
With groundleſs fear he thus his ſoul deceives;
What frenzy dictates, jealouſy believes.

LAURA.

Reſign thy crook, put off this manly veſt,
And let the wrong'd *Dione* ſtand confeſt;
When he ſhall learn what ſorrows thou haſt born,
And find that nought relents *Parthenia*'s ſcorn,
Sure he will pity thee.

DIONE.

——No, *Laura*, no.
Should I, alas! the ſylvan dreſs forego,
Then might he think that I her pride foment,
That injur'd love inſtructs me to reſent;
Our ſecret enterprize might fatal prove:
Man flies the plague of perſecuting love.

LAURA.

Avoid *Parthenia*; leſt his rage grow warm,
And jealouſy reſolve ſome fatal harm.

DIONE.

O *Laura*, if thou chance the youth to find,
Tell him what torments vex my anxious mind;
Should I once more his awful preſence ſeek,
The ſilent tears would bathe my glowing cheek;
By riſing ſighs my fault'ring voice be ſtay'd,
And trembling fear too ſoon confeſs the maid.
Haſte, *Laura*, then; his vengeful ſoul aſſuage,
Tell him, I'm guiltleſs; cool his blinded rage;
Tell him that truth ſincere my friendſhip brought,
Let him not cheriſh one ſuſpicious thought.

Then

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Then to convince him, his diſtruſt was vain,
I'll never, never ſee that nymph again.
This way he went.

LAURA.

——See, at the call of night,
The ſtar of ev'ning ſheds his ſilver light
High o'er yon weſtern hill: the cooling gales
Freſh odours breathe along the winding dales;
Far from their home as yet our ſhepherds ſtray,
To cloſe with chearful walk the ſultry day.
Methinks from far I hear the piping ſwain;
Hark, in the breeze now ſwells, now ſinks the ſtrain!
Thither I'll ſeek him.

DIONE.

——While this length of glade
Shall lead me penſive through the ſable ſhade;
Where on the branches murmur ruſhing winds;
Grateful as falling floods to love-ſick minds.
O may this path to Death's dark vale deſcend!
There only, can the wretched hope a friend.

[*Ex. ſeverally.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Wood.

DIONE, CLEANTHES, *(who lies wounded in a distant part of the stage.)*

DIONE.

THE moon serene now climbs th' aerial way;
See, at her sight ten thousand stars decay:
With trembling gleam she tips the silent grove,
While all beneath the chequer'd shadows move.
Turn back thy silver axles, downward roll,
Darkness best sits the horrors of my soul.
Rise, rise, ye clouds: the face of heav'n deform,
Veil the bright Goddess in a sable storm:
O look not down upon a wretched maid!
Let thy bright torch the happy lover aid,
And light his wandring footsteps to the bower
Where the kind nymph attends th' appointed hour.
Yet thou hast seen unhappy love like mine;
Did not thy lamp in heav'n's blue forehead shine,
When *Thisbe* sought her love along the glade?
Didst thou not then behold the gleaming blade,
And gild the fatal point that stabb'd her breast?
'oon I, like her, shall seek the realms of rest.

Let

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Let groves of mournful yew a wretch surround!
O sooth my ear with melancholy sound!
The village curs now stretch their yelling throat,
And dogs from distant cots return the note;
The rav'nous wolf along the valley prowls,
And with his famish'd cries the mountain howls.
But hark! what sudden noise advances near?
Repeated groans alarm my frighted ear!

CLEANTHES.

Shepherd, approach; ah! fly not through the glade.
A wretch all dy'd with wounds invokes thy aid.

DIONE.

Say then, unhappy stranger, how you bled;
Collect thy spirits, raise thy drooping head.
[Cleanthes *raises himself on his arm.*
O horrid sight! *Cleanthes* gasping lies;
And Death's black shadows float before his eyes.
Unknown in this disguise, I'll check my woe,
And learn what bloody hand has struck the blow.
[*Aside.*
Say, youth, ere Fate thy feeble voice confounds,
What led thee hither? whence these purple wounds?

CLEANTHES.

Stay, fleeting life; may strength awhile prevail,
Lest my clos'd lips confine th' imperfect tale.
Ere the streak'd East grew warm with amber ray,
I from the city took my doubtful way,
Far o'er the plains I sought a beauteous maid,
Who from the Court, in these wide forests stray'd,
Wanders unknown; as I, with weary pain,
Try'd ev'ry path, and op'ning glade, in vain;
A band of thieves, forth-rushing from the wood,
Unsheath'd their daggers warm with daily blood;

Deep

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Deep in my breaſt the barb'rous ſteel is dy'd,
And purple hands the golden prey divide.
Hence are theſe mangling wounds. Say, gentle ſwain,
If thou haſt known among the ſylvan train
The vagrant nymph I ſeek?

DIONE.

———What mov'd thy care,
Thus, in theſe pathleſs wilds to ſearch the fair?

CLEANTHES.

I charge you, O ye daughters of the grove,
Ye *Naiads*, who the moſſy fountains love,
Ye happy ſwains, who range the paſtures wide,
Ye tender nymphs, who feed your flocks beſide;
If my laſt gaſping breath can pity move,
If e'er ye knew the pangs of ſlighted love,
Show her, I charge you, where *Cleanthes* dy'd;
The graſs yet reeking with the ſanguine tide.
A father's power to me the virgin gave,
But ſhe diſdain'd to live a nuptial ſlave;
So fled her native home.

DIONE.

———'Tis then from thee
Springs the foul ſource of all her miſery.
Could'ſt thou, thy ſelfiſh appetite to pleaſe,
Condemn to endleſs woes another's peace?

CLEANTHES.

O ſpare me; nor my hapleſs love upbraid,
While on my heart Death's frozen hand is laid!
Go, ſeek her, guide her where *Cleanthes* bled;
When ſhe ſurveys her lover pale and dead,
Tell her, that ſince ſhe fled my hateful ſight,
Without remorſe I ſought the realms of night.
Methinks I ſee her view theſe poor remains,
And on her cheek indecent gladneſs reigns!

Full

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Full in her presence cold *Cleanthes* lies,
And not one tear stands trembling in her eyes!
O let a sigh my hapless fate deplore!
Cleanthes now controuls thy love no more.

DIONE.

How shall my lids confine these rising woes? [*Aside.*

CLEANTHES.

O might I see her, ere Death's finger close
These eyes for ever! might her soften'd breast
Forgive my love with too much ardor prest!
Then I with peace could yield my latest breath.

DIONE.

Shall I not calm the sable hour of death,
And show my self before him!——Hah! he dies.
See, from his trembling lip the spirit flies! [*Aside.*
Stay yet awhile. *Dione* stands confest.
He knows me not. He faints, he sinks to rest.

CLEANTHES.

Tell her, since all my hopes in her were lost,
That death was welcome——— [*Dies.*

DIONE.

What sudden gusts of grief my bosom rend!
A parent's curses o'er my head impend
For disobedient vows; O wretched maid,
Those very vows *Evander* hath betray'd.
See, at thy feet *Cleanthes* bath'd in blood!
For love of thee he trod this lonely wood;
Thou art the cruel authoress of his fate;
He falls by thine, thou, by *Evander*'s hate.
When shall my soul know rest? *Cleanthes* slain
No longer sighs and weeps for thy disdain.
Thou still art curst with love. Bleed, virgin, bleed.
How shall a wretch from anxious life be freed!

My

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My troubled brain with ſudden frenzy burns,
And ſhatter'd thought now this, now that way turns.
What do I ſee thus glitt'ring on the plains?
Hah! the dread ſword yet warm with crimſon ſtains!
[*Takes up the dagger.*

SCENE II.

DIONE, PARTHENIA.

PARTHENIA.

Sweet is the walk when night has cool'd the hour.
This path directs me to my ſylvan bower. [*Aſide.*

DIONE.

Why is my ſoul with ſudden fear diſmay'd?
Why drops my trembling hand the pointed blade?
O ſtring my arm with force! [*Aſide.*

PARTHENIA.

———Methought a noiſe
Broke through the ſilent air, like human voice. [*Aſide.*

DIONE.

One well-aim'd blow ſhall all my pangs remove,
Graſp firm the fatal ſteel, and ceaſe to love. [*Aſide.*

PARTHENIA.

Sure 'twas *Alexis*. Hah! a ſword diſplay'd!
The ſtreaming luſtre darts acroſs the ſhade. [*Aſide.*

DIONE.

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DIONE.

May Heav'n new vigour to my soul impart,
And guide the desp'rate weapon to my heart! [*Aside.*

PARTHENIA.

May I the meditated death arrest! [*Holds* Dione's *hand.*
Strike not, rash shepherd; spare thy guiltless breast.
O give me strength to stay the threaten'd harm,
And wrench the dagger from his lifted arm!

DIONE.

What cruel hand with-holds the welcome blow?
In giving life, you but prolong my woe.
O may not thus th' expected stroke impend!
Unloose thy grasp, and let swift death descend.
But if yon' murder thy red hands hath dy'd;
Here. Pierce me deep; let forth the vital tide.
[Dione *quits the dagger.*

PARTHENIA.

Wait not thy fate; but this way turn thy eyes:
My virgin hand no purple murder dyes.
Turn then, *Alexis*; and *Parthenia* know,
'Tis she protects thee from the fatal blow.

DIONE.

Must the night-watches by my sighs be told?
And must these eyes another morn behold
Through dazling floods of tears? ungen'rous maid.
The friendly stroke is by thy hand delay'd;
Call it not mercy to prolong my breath;
'Tis but to torture me with ling'ring death.

PARTHENIA.

What moves thy hand to act this bloody part?
Whence are these gnawing pangs that tear thy heart?
Is that thy friend who lies before thee slain?
Is it his wound that reeks upon the plain?
Is't *Lycidas?*

DIONE.

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DIONE.

——No. I the ſtranger found,
Ere chilly death his frozen tongue had bound.
He ſaid; As at the roſy dawn of day,
He from the city took his vagrant way,
A murd'ring band pour'd on him from the wood,
Firſt ſeiz'd his gold, then bath'd their ſwords in blood.

PARTHENIA.

You, whoſe ambition labours to be great,
Think on the perils which on riches wait.
Safe are the ſhepherd's paths; when ſober Even
Streaks with pale light the bending arch of Heaven,
From danger free, through deſarts wild he hies,
The riſing ſmoke far o'er the mountain ſpies,
Which marks his diſtant cottage; on he fares,
For him no murd'rers lay their nightly ſnares;
They paſs him by, they turn their ſteps away:
Safe Poverty was ne'er the villain's prey.
At home he lies ſecure in eaſy ſleep,
No bars his ivy-mantled cottage keep;
No thieves in dreams the fancy'd dagger hold,
And drag him to detect the buried gold;
Nor ſtarts he from his couch aghaſt and pale,
When the door murmurs with the hollow gale.
While he, whoſe iron coffers ruſt with wealth,
Harbours beneath his roof Deceit and Stealth;
Treach'ry with lurking pace frequents his walks,
And cloſe behind him horrid Murder ſtalks.
'Tis tempting lucre makes the villain bold.
There lies a bleeding ſacrifice to gold.

DIONE.

To live, is but to wake to daily cares,
And journey through a tedious vale of tears.

Had

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Had you not rush'd between, my life had flown;
And I, like him, no more had sorrow known.

PARTHENIA.

When anguish in the gloomy bosom dwells,
The counsel of a friend the cloud dispels.
Give thy breast vent, the secret grief impart,
And say what woe lies heavy at thy heart.
To save thy life kind Heav'n has succour sent,
The Gods by me thy threaten'd fate prevent.

DIONE.

No. To prevent it, is beyond thy power;
Thou only canst defer the welcome hour.
When you the lifted dagger turn'd aside,
Only one road to death thy force deny'd;
Still fate is in my reach. From mountains high,
Deep in whose shadow craggy ruins lie,
Can I not headlong fling this weight of woe,
And dash out life against the flints below?
Are there not streams, and lakes, and rivers wide,
Where my last breath may bubble on the tide?
No. Life shall never flatter me again,
Nor shall to-morrow bring new sighs and pain.

PARTHENIA.

Can I this burthen of thy soul relieve,
And calm thy grief?

DIONE.

——— If thou wilt comfort give,
Plight me thy word, and to that word be just;
When poor *Alexis* shall be laid in dust,
That pride no longer shall command thy mind,
That thou wilt spare the friend I leave behind.
I know his virtue worthy of thy breast.
Long in thy love may *Lycidas* be blest!

PARTHENIA.

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PARTHENIA.

That swain (who would my liberty controul,
To please some short-liv'd transport of his soul)
Shows, while his importuning flame he moves,
That 'tis not me, himself alone he loves.
O live, nor leave him by misfortune prest;
'Tis shameful to desert a friend distrest.

DIONE.

Alas! a wretch like me no loss would prove,
Would kind *Parthenia* listen to his love.

PARTHENIA.

Why hides thy bosom this mysterious grief?
Ease thy o'erburthen'd heart, and hope relief.

DIONE.

What profits it to touch thy tender breast,
With wrongs, like mine, which ne'er can be redrest?
Let in my heart the fatal secret die,
Nor call up sorrow in another's eye!

SCENE III.

DIONE, PARTHENIA, LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

If *Laura* right direct the darksome ways,
Along these paths the pensive shepherd strays. [*Aside.*

DIONE.

Let not a tear for me roll down thy cheek.
O would my throbbing sighs my heart-strings break!

Why

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Why was my breast the lifted stroke deny'd?
Must then again the deathful deed be try'd?
Yes. 'Tis resolv'd.

[*Snatches the dagger from* Parthenia.

PARTHENIA.

———Ah, hold; forbear, forbear!

LYCIDAS.

Methought Distress with shrieks alarm'd my ear.

PARTHENIA.

Strike not. Ye Gods, defend him from the wound!

LYCIDAS.

Yes. 'Tis *Parthenia*'s voice, I know the sound.
Some sylvan ravisher would force the maid,
And *Laura* sent me to her virtue's aid.
Die, villain, die; and seek the shades below.

[Lycidas *snatches the dagger from* Dione, *and stabs her*.

DIONE.

Whoe'er thou art, I bless thee for the blow.

LYCIDAS.

Since Heav'n ordain'd this arm thy life should guard,
O hear my vows! be love the just reward.

PARTHENIA.

Rather let vengeance, with her swiftest speed,
O'ertake thy flight, and recompense the deed!
Why stays the thunder in the upper sky?
Gather, ye clouds; ye forky lightnings, fly:
On thee may all the wrath of Heav'n descend,
Whose barb'rous hand hath slain a faithful friend.
Behold *Alexis!*

LYCIDAS.

———Would that treach'rous boy
Have forc'd thy virtue to his brutal joy?

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What rous'd his passion to this bold advance?
Did e'er thy eyes confess one willing glance?
I know, the faithless youth his trust betray'd;
And well the dagger hath my wrongs repaid.

DIONE. [*Raising herself on her arm.*

Breaks not *Evander's* voice along the glade?
Hah! is it he who holds the reeking blade!
There needed not or poison, sword, or dart;
Thy faithless vows, alas! had broke my heart. [*Aside.*

PARTHENIA.

O tremble, shepherd, for thy rash offence,
The sword is dy'd with murder'd innocence!
His gentle soul no brutal passion seiz'd,
Nor at my bosom was the dagger rais'd;
Self-murder was his aim; the youth I found
Whelm'd in despair, and stay'd the falling wound.

DIONE.

Into what mischiefs is the lover led,
Who calls down vengeance on his perjur'd head!
O may he ne'er bewail this desperate deed,
And may, unknown, unwept, *Dione* bleed! [*Aside.*

LYCIDAS.

What horrors on the guilty mind attend!
His conscience had reveng'd an injur'd friend,
Hadst thou not held the stroke. In death he sought
To lose the heart-consuming pain of thought.
Did not the smooth-tongu'd boy perfidious prove,
Plead his own passion, and betray my love?

DIONE.

O let him ne'er this bleeding victim know;
Lest his rash transport, to revenge the blow,
Should in his dearer heart the dagger stain!
That wound would pierce my soul with double pain.
[*Aside.*

PARTHENIA.

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PARTHENIA.

How did his faithful lips (now pale and cold)
With moving eloquence thy griefs unfold!

LYCIDAS.

Was he thus faithful? thus, to friendship true?
Then I'm a wretch. All peace of mind, adieu!
If ebbing life yet beat within thy vein,
Alexis, speak; unclose those lids again.

[*Flings himself on the ground near* Dione.

See at thy feet the barb'rous villain kneel!
'Tis *Lycidas* who grasps the bloody steel,
Thy once lov'd friend.—Yet ere I cease to live,
Canst thou a wretched penitent forgive?

DIONE.

When low beneath the sable mould I rest,
May a sincerer friendship share thy breast!
Why are those heaving groans? (ah! cease to weep!)
May my lost name in dark oblivion sleep;
Let this sad tale no speaking stone declare,
From future eyes to draw a pitying tear.
Let o'er my grave the lev'ling plough-share pass,
Mark not the spot; forget that e'er I was.
Then may'st thou with *Parthenia*'s love be blest,
And not one thought on me thy joys molest!
My swimming eyes are over-power'd with light,
And dark'ning shadows fleet before my sight:
May'st thou be happy! ah! my soul is free. [*Dies.*

LYCIDAS.

O cruel shepherdess, for love of thee [*To* Parthenia.
This fatal deed was done.

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SCENE *the last.*

LYCIDAS, PARTHENIA, LAURA.

LAURA.

———*Alexis* ſlain!

LYCIDAS.

Yes. 'Twas I did it. See this crimſon ſtain!
My hands with blood of innocence are dy'd.
O may the moon her ſilver beauty hide
In rolling clouds! my ſoul abhors the light;
Shade, ſhade the murd'rer in eternal night!

LAURA.

No rival ſhepherd is before thee laid;
There bled the chaſteſt, the ſincereſt maid
That ever ſigh'd for love. On her pale face,
Cannot thy weeping eyes the feature trace
Of thy once dear *Dione?* with wan care
Sunk are thoſe eyes, and livid with deſpair!

LYCIDAS.

Dione!

LAURA.

———There pure conſtancy lies dead!

LYCIDAS.

May heav'n ſhower vengeance on this perjur'd head!
As the dry branch that withers on the ground,
So, blaſted be the hand that gave the wound!
Off; hold me not. This heart deſerves the ſtroke;
'Tis black with treach'ry. Yes: the vows are broke
[*Stabs himſelf.*
Which I ſo often ſwore. Vain world adieu!
Though I was falſe in life, in death I'm true. [*Dies.*

LAURA.

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LAURA.

To-morrow ſhall the funeral rites be paid,
And theſe Love victims in one grave be laid.

PARTHENIA.

There ſhall the yew her ſable branches ſpread,
And mournful cypreſs rear her fringed head.

LAURA.

From thence ſhall thyme and myrtle ſend perfume,
And laurel ever-green o'erſhade the tomb.

PARTHENIA.

Come, *Laura*, let us leave this horrid wood,
Where ſtreams the purple graſs with lovers blood;
Come to my bower. And as we ſorrowing go,
Let poor *Dione*'s ſtory feed my woe
With heart-relieving tears.———

LAURA. [*Pointing to* Dione.

——Unhappy maid,
Had'ſt thou a parent's juſt command obey'd,
Thou yet had'ſt liv'd.——But who ſhall Love adviſe?
Love ſcorns command, and breaks all other ties.
Henceforth, ye ſwains, be true to vows profeſt;
For certain vengeance ſtrikes the perjur'd breaſt.

FINIS.

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